A MEXICAN JOURNEY

E. H. BLICHFELDT

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BY

E. H. BLICHFELDT

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PREFACE

MOST of what appears in the following pages was first written for the *Chautauquan* magazine, though all has been carefully revised for its present use. If the fruits of laborious original research appear anywhere, it is the research of some one besides the author. His debt in this way is informally suggested by the text, except when it relates to things now become common property, and calling for no special acknowledgment. The opinions and sentiments expressed regarding our Mexican neighbors, on the contrary, may be taken as at first hand. Here also the writer would be presumptuous to set up any claims as a discoverer or to deny that he owes much to teachers and prompters. These opinions and sentiments, however, are such as without falsity he may call his own, and grow out of alert, sympathetic contact and correspondence with Mexicans for several years. If the reader can be made to adopt

them by the somewhat impressionistic account here given, the only deliberate purpose of the book will have been served. For the most part even this has been quite subordinate to the impulse that Henry Ward Beecher declared when he said, "There are some things that cannot be seen satisfactorily with less than four eyes." The delights of travel in Mexico are such as one would like to share.

PREFATORY NOTE TO 1919 EDITION:—So far as this book is a record of easy, somewhat irresponsible travels, it is unchanged since the first edition. The last tour described was made in 1911, just when the Madero revolution had got well under way. Since then, adventurous students, with quite special credentials, have made their way to capital and rebel camp alike, and representatives of important foreign interests have held on here and there; but to the casual visitor, Mexico has been closed.

It matters little, for the aspects of the country dwelt upon are either unaltered or altered in ways not yet confirmed. That the sailing route of the Ward Line steamers in 1919 differs from that of 1911, for example, is unimportant for the purpose in mind.

The historical narrative, on the other hand, has been supplemented; and political comment has been adapted to new facts.

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A MEXICAN JOURNEY

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A Mexican Journey

I

MEXICO

IF you will join our company going to Mexico, I promise to show you things enjoyable to see—things that have been a source of unfailing pleasure to me myself. You will see them as I did on a visit a few months ago.* Along the way I shall not wholly refrain from telling you of earlier happenings and experiences that come back to one on familiar ground after an absence; it would be hard to exclude these, and I feel sure of your good-humored consent. Do not expect learned instruction on any scholarly subject, though if that is what you want perhaps I can tell you where to find it. For the most part I know it will not be desired. Here and there an intelligent visitor is likely to ask questions; and at such points, without going to excess, I will tell you a little of what I

*1911

understand the scholars and thinkers have concluded. It is not an analysis but a survey that we shall try to make, however,—not an investigation but a pleasant, wide-awake journey together. If in its progress you grow as fond of Mexico and the Mexicans as I have long been, you will feel that acquaintance with them is abundantly worth whatever time and effort it may have cost.

On any but the idlest excursion every one is fore-minded to a degree. Let us not actually set out, therefore, till we have inquired briefly who the Mexicans are, what their antecedents, environment, and condition, and what prejudices and ideals we may look for among them.

Mexico is not so large by half as it was before the war with the United States, known in American history as the Mexican War. To be more exact, we should say before the Texan War for Independence; but Mexicans think of Texas as having been wrested from them by the same strategy which ended in their loss of that greater neighboring area since carved up, roughly speaking, into a half-dozen other states and territories of the American Union. Till 1835 their domain was nearly equal to

that of the United States, or to the whole of Europe leaving out Russia and Turkey. Even now, what remains to them would be enough to encompass Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. That its natural resources will sustain such a comparison can here be neither asserted nor denied, but the scientist and the explorer go far beyond the mere tourist in appreciation of its riches. Where the tourist sees only desert, they see the waving green and yellow of potential harvests. If they discount at all the reckless enthusiasm of promoters beguiling the American investor, it is not regarding the latent wealth of the country, but regarding the ease with which settlers totally lacking in experience may grow rubber on impossible land bought at random, or market pineapples irrespective of means for transportation. There is no doubt that the country will feed and clothe some added millions of people, and that it hides mineral wealth either to supply the necessaries of still other millions, or to barter for whatever may be lacking. Suffice it to say that in its undeveloped resources we are considering no insignificant country. Then let us

pass from things that might or that doubtless may be to things that have been and are.

The mantle of natural verdure and primitive human graces, of medieval romance surviving in a practical age, of hospitality, of leisure, and of pride which have been painted for us by the hands of such writers as Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith—this mantle is spread over a rugged and highly substantial framework, concerning which one refers, with an appropriate feeling of solidity, to Alexander von Humboldt. The geologic framework will be suggested to travelers in the United States by saying that it exhibits yet more strongly the qualities, as plainly it continues the system, not of the Appalachian, but of the western highlands of the United States. It is rugged, Titanic, challenging, not rounded and softened as though it grew ready ages ago to invite the coming of civilized man. The studious reader may consult Humboldt and later supplemental investigations, while others content themselves for the moment with this general hint. Not gentle little hills like sheep in a meadow, but towering and bristling giants amid shatterings of a world stand in Mexico for mountain scenery.

Even while giving this description I recall a very different one which may well be quoted here. Charles Macomb Flandrau, in his highly suggestive and entertaining, though often cynical and at times flippantly careless "Viva Mexico," says:

"The view from the piazza was characteristic of the mountainous, tropical parts of Mexico, and, like most of the views there, combined both the grandeur, the awfulness of space and height—of eternal, untrodden snows piercing the thin blue—with the soft velvet beauty of tropical verdure, the unimaginable delicacy and variety of color that glows and palpitates in vast areas of tropical foliage seen at different distances through haze and sunlight. Mountains usually have an elemental, geologic sex of some sort, and the sex of slumbering, jungle-covered, tropical mountains is female. There is a symmetry, a chaste volcanic elegance about them that renders them the consorts and daughters of man-mountains like, say, the Alps, the Rockies, or the mountains of the Caucasus."

The description just quoted, however, is true only of what it represents, and it represents the mountains with which, doubtless, the author is most intimately acquainted. The mountains with which I lived from day to day in Mexico for three years rise from plains already too high for tropical or even semi-

tropical conditions, and hold their peaks from two to three and one-half miles perpendicularly above sea-level. They are, I believe, of the sort that one usually means in speaking of mountainous Mexico. The other picture, however, will have value to us, not only for intrinsic beauty, but also as showing how almost everything Mexican defies simple and summary treatment. The country is one of well-nigh unlimited variety, of sharp contrasts, and of apparent contradictions. Snow and burning desert, oak and palm and steaming jungle growth, are all to be found in the 1500 miles between Sonora and Yucatan. More impressively, indeed, they will all appear in a cross-section, to be accomplished by one day's travel. One may drink chocolate and cinnamon on the warm Gulf shore in the morning, pass upward through the altitudes of cocoanut, orange, coffee and banana, sugar and cotton, during the next two or three hours, and by eleven o'clock, if a "norther" happens to be blowing, draw on a heavy coat for warmth, while looking upward across the dry table-land to slumbering volcanoes capped with snows that never melt. Mexico is a land of contrasts.

A notion that the tarry-at-home traveler must dismiss before he can rightly conceive of Mexico, is that latitude determines temperature. Latitude is one of a number of conditions that have their influence on climate, but no one of them can ever be assumed to determine temperature until the others have been taken into account. The northern fringe of New York State along Lake Erie, which has become famous as a "grape belt," has as mild a climate as parts of eastern Kentucky, and there are points on the coast of Alaska where the winter is less severe than in either of the localities just compared. Of all the conditions that go to determine climate, altitude is the one that figures most surprisingly to the New Englander when Mexico is being studied. At least one Mexican guide-book has, and all such guide-books ought to have, tables of elevation for the important places on the map. All other elements being normal, an altitude of less than 3000 feet will give a hot climate in any part of the republic. An altitude between 3000 and 7000 feet will give a temperate climate, and an altitude from 7000 up to 14,000 feet will give a cold climate. One does not speak at all of climate in the

snow belt of Mexico, because snow and vegetation do not alternate there, and life cannot in any natural way be supported. The snow line is about 14,000 feet above sea-level. The general level in that vast part of Mexico known as the Plateau has an elevation of 6000 to 8000 feet. Suppose, however, that we mean by a hot climate an average temperature throughout the year of about 85 degrees, still it is true that the greatest extreme of heat will not exceed that in New York, and the discomfort caused by it will be less than in New York. Similarly, if by a cold climate we mean a yearly average temperature of 60 degrees, it will be found that the thermometer rarely goes so low as freezing, even in winter. A moment's reflection will now make it clear that variations up or down in a given locality are much less than they are farther north. This would be inferred from the latitude, as seasonal changes are generally less marked nearer the equator.

If the differences between winter and summer are less, the differences between night and day are more, and those between shady and sunny sides of a street far more, than in New York or Chicago. Even above 8000 feet the

noonday sun is fierce, yet in the shade there is never a day above that altitude when the "shirt-waist man" from New York would sit long without his coat. At a given temperature he would feel much colder than at home, probably because evaporation from the skin is more rapid, as well as because of the rarer atmosphere and consequent smaller intake of oxygen. If ordinarily blessed with good circulation, the northerner will be surprised that, even when the thermometer registers several degrees above freezing, he needs winter underwear and a heavy overcoat. A phenomenon well known to mountain climbers and physicists, but new to many visitors, is that the decreased air pressure allows water to boil at lower temperature, and an egg or any vegetable cooked in it must be kept longer over the fire. The atmospheric pressure at Mexico City, for example, is fourteen pounds to the square inch. This is a mere detail; but it represents a whole set of conditions for which the visiting lowlander is never quite prepared, however much he may have heard and read about them.

II

THE MEXICANS

SOMEWHAT like the diversity of the land is the diversity of its people. Among them are about six millions belonging to the native races, over six millions of mixed blood, and three million whites. If we could assign to each of these three classes its relative place in the social and economic scale, you would no doubt welcome the convenience. This is impossible. There is a social and economic scale with well-marked gradations, but in applying its test, race can hardly be said to figure. It is true that among those occupying the highest station, pure Indians are rare, and that among those occupying the lowest station, the pure white does not exist, the occasional American tramp being outside our discussion. The fact remains, however, that there is no relation in industry, profession, business, politics, or formal society from which the pure Indian would be

debarred, or for aspiring to which he would not have ample warrant in law, sentiment, and historic example. Benito Juarez, the greatest Mexican who has ever lived and the greatest object of national veneration to-day, was a full-blooded Indian. Porfirio Diaz was one-fourth Indian according to his approved biographers, but intelligent Mexicans generally believe him to have been three-fourths, and they do not say this to disparage him. For a Mexican of European ancestry to disdain a Mexican of somewhat mixed blood, or for one of mixed blood to treat a cultured Indian as inferior, because in him the native blood perhaps of princes has never been mingled for better or worse with a foreign strain—either of these demonstrations of arrogance would, I suppose, be unique in recent times. There are families who take a harmless pride in declaring themselves Creoles of pure Spanish extraction. A writer already mentioned, however, says that most unadulterated Spaniards in the republic are "either priests or grocers." Bull-fighters are another contingent. A governor of one of the Mexican states once said to me after speaking of his own lineage: "Very few of us here, if we are Mexicans of

more than two or three generations, can tell what proportion of native Indian blood we may have." It might have been replied that, even so, they are not much farther from a complete racial analysis of themselves than some of the rest of mankind.

It very soon ceases to be a surprise, then, to find in the learned professions and in important positions of various kinds, people of the original Mexican stock. Perhaps the fact that all of these are not equally dark, that some Spaniards are far from light, and that the natives often have splendid heads and finely chiseled features has as much to do with the state of affairs as the undoubted capacity of many of the Indians.

In the entire absence of a race problem, for which Mexicans ought to be grateful, economic differences are as sharp and distinctions are as clearly drawn as elsewhere. There is perhaps no country equally civilized where the educational, political, and material welfare of the laboring people has advanced less and where their condition presents more cruel, and at the same time more immemorially picturesque phases than in Mexico. The problem of lifting them to a distinctly higher plane of

life is the immediate and urgent problem of the nation. It was the justification for the Madero revolution, whatever may have been the alleged grievances of other classes. It is the matter concerning which the Diaz régime must give its most important final account, however great the progress made in material development. We may assume that President Diaz and his friends recognized this; it was one of their boasts, whether founded on exact truth and complete knowledge or not, that in Diaz's native state, Oaxaca, illiteracy had been reduced from sixty per cent. to eight per cent. Still, removing illiteracy in its technical implication by extending the mere ability to read and write is not a complete cure. President Madero at once declared his realization that something larger and more fundamental is demanded and that the problem is nation-wide. Henceforth, indeed, it cannot be ignored. But when at length its solution is reached, we feel that also one of the most engaging, one of the most beautiful to the imagination, of all the figures in the pageant of human life will have passed forever. The gentle, graceful, submissive, but well-nigh unconquerable and wholly inscrutable child

of the ancient Aztecs, Chichimecs, and still earlier Toltecs, whoever they may have been, will have given place to some other, and doubtless a newly composite type.

In writing the history of England, scholars can give us little more than conjecture until the advent of the Romans. Our British ancestors neglected to make for us any intelligible record before that event. Similarly, authentic knowledge of Mexico begins but little previous to the arrival thither of the gold-hunting, proselyting, and bloodthirsty Spaniards, who were the first bringers of the white man's civilization. Of the records that existed, very many were ruthlessly destroyed, and of the rest only a small part have been deciphered. The advance toward civilization on this continent, as in Europe, had had its ebbs and flows, had been broken rather than continuous. The Mexicans whom Cortez and his valiant murderers overcame knew little and said less of their remote predecessors. If the Spaniards wondered at this they may also have recalled similar lapses at home, seeing that for generations the invading Moors, so lately withdrawn from Spain, had been the only preservers of classic Greek and Latin

learning. The Spaniards, as conquerors of Mexico, were less kind to futurity; still certain outlines have been pieced together from picture writings and from other evidence that survives.

While there were tribes in various parts of the land that maintained independence, the greatness of Mexico as far back as history can trace it centers in the valley of Mexico round about the present capital, high on its table-land, yet encircled by mountains of much greater height.

When we say this, we are leaving aside, as we must, the builders of noble and awe-inspiring structures in Yucatan and elsewhere because they date back farther than any history. These builders were great in their forgotten day, but we do not know them and can give them no place. They may have been contemporaries of Solomon or even of the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites in Egypt.

Beginning, then, with what is fairly authentic, the Toltecs had sway in Mexico from about 650 A.D., four hundred years. They were the greatest builders of historic or semi-historic times. The Chichimécs, a ruder people, succeeded the Toltecs, not by conquest

but because the Toltecs had died out. One legend says that *pulque,* the intoxicating drink of the natives to this day, was the cause. However that may be, the land of the Toltecs was deserted until the Chichimecs spread over it about 1175 A.D. The Acolhuas arrived a few years later, and still a little later came the Aztecs or Mexicans. No one can fix the exact dates, but with a few years' interval the three nations appear to have followed each other in this order: Chichimecs, Acolhuas, Aztecs. Although not wholly settled till later, all seem to have appeared before the year 1200.

If the Chichimecs were less advanced in arts than had been the Toltecs, this was not equally true of the Acolhuas, who may have been descended from some kindred of the Toltecs, and with whom the Chichimecs mingled and intermarried. So progress was hindered less than might have seemed likely. As for the Aztecs (or Mexicans), they were wanderers for a long time and held themselves aloof. They are said to have come from the Californias. On the way they built the *Casas Grandes,* of which notable ruins remain. Then after further wandering they reached the present site of Tula, fifty miles

north of Mexico City, where more ruins can easily be observed. The air is at once clear and marvelously soft; and as I remember there are two tireless buzzards wheeling far above the sunlit crest of the hill. One fancies that they must have done so always. The Aztecs remained here nine years. Finally they came to Chapultepec, "the hill of the grasshopper," about 1250 A.D. They went through one period of enslavement but were set free, so the story goes, because their masters, a tribe called the Colhuas, were horrified by their religious sacrifices of human beings and the atrocious way in which they carried on war, even when nominally under Colhuan control.

The Aztecs had never been far distant from Chapultepec since they first discovered it, and near it on an island they now settled themselves. It was the year 1325. The priests who advised the tribe said that they saw there an eagle sitting on a nopal or prickly pear and strangling a serpent in its talons. This they declared was a sign in agreement with prophecy, and the place of their abiding was so fixed. The Mexican coins of to-day, as well as the national flag, bear as insignia

the eagle, the serpent, and the nopal cactus. Classic stories of the founding of other towns on sites oracularly pointed out may be interesting—the story of Rome for example. The Aztecs confirmed their tradition of religious cruelty by a ceremonial baptism of the new city in the blood of prisoners. Throughout their future they continued such evil practices. They showed, however, a genius for organization, for coping with natural difficulties—as in the construction of floating gardens before they could possess themselves of enough natural land—and for diplomacy. By intermarriage of their princes with other royal families, they at last made themselves masters of the entire region round about.

It was an Aztec dynasty, the dynasty of the Montezumas, that Cortez found in 1519, or almost 200 years after the establishment of their city. That horribly cruel religious rites and inhuman conduct in war were familiar among them has been made clear; but it is also certain that better instincts were recognized among the people under their rule. Otherwise, how would the legend have been preserved that the independent existence of the Mexican tribe came from a repugnance of

their masters to their cruelty in religion and war? Quetzalcoatl, the gentle god of peace, was the titular deity of many Aztecs who were opposed to the sway of the more popular god of war, Huitzilopochitli. Similarly, it is clear that the government was aristocratic, but familiarity with another ideal appears from the account of how the nobles obtained their power over the people. In 1425 the king and his advisers wanted to make war upon some neighbors, while the common people opposed it, fearing that the enemy would be too strong. The curious compact was made that war should be entered upon with vigor, and that if it failed the people might exact of the nobles any forfeit, even their lives. If it succeeded, contrary to the dismal prophecy of the people, then they were to become slaves of the nobles. The war succeeded and the people were held to their unhappy promise.

The form of government among neighboring tribes varied. The Tlaxcalans, who aided Cortez against the Mexicans because of an old enmity, were democrats, their government being a sort of republic. The interesting consideration here is as to the state in which matters were found by the conquerors from over

the sea. Cruelty in practice by the rulers of the principal nation, though mercy was recognized as an ideal, and tyranny toward the poor, though the democratic principle had long been familiar, tell much of the condition. The Europeans brought no improvement in either of these two respects. Another element worthy of mention was the strong religious vein, availed of by the craft and power of the priests, as unscrupulous as were the Roman clergy a little later. In short, conditions were present to make easy either the improvement or the continued exploitation and degradation of the people.

The Spaniards came. Few chapters in the story of man surpass the record of daring, energy, cruelty, greed, perfidy, and religious hypocrisy on the one hand, and of patriotism, heroic self-devotion, and unavailing courage on the other, which marked the conquest. The Mexicans showed themselves not inferior to the Spaniards in valor, in strength, in organization, or even in military strategy; but they had no horses, knew nothing of gunpowder, and were otherwise less effectively equipped. Their chivalry was too high. On one occasion they sent food to the Spaniards because

they disdained to fight a starving foe. Their superstition made them, and particularly Montezuma himself, very susceptible to the deceit of the Spaniards. Even with all these disadvantages, however, it would have required far greater forces than Cortez led to overcome them if, instead of having thousands of native allies, he had found all the tribes united against him. Like Greece in its fall, the native people lost their chance of perpetuity and continued development by not being able to stand united against the alien invader. Their downfall can scarcely be told with more dramatic effect in romances like Wallace's "The Fair God" than it is in a supposedly matter-of-fact history like Prescott's "The Conquest of Mexico."

Though it is not strange that Mexicans even of Spanish blood should celebrate the independence of their nation, there is something a little curious in the fact that, reviewing all this early history, they identify themselves throughout in thought and sentiment with the Indians rather than with the *conquistadores.* The finest statue between the heart of the capital and the castle of Chapultepec, on one of the finest avenues of the

world, is a statue of Cuauhtemoc, the Aztec prince who refused to tell the Spaniards the whereabouts of his nation's treasure. A visit to the Academy of Fine Arts will fill the stranger with admiration of the same fact. Sculpture and painting, poetry and the eloquence of public speech, have all been devoted to magnifying the dignity, the generosity, the courage of the native race. Between the purest Castilian and the most thoroughly Indian elements of the people, Mexican patriotism knows no division in this. The conquered, not the conquering heroes, are the heroes and fathers of the nation. The ardent Mexican of any class resents being taken for a Spaniard.

III

GOING

THERE are now several ways of approach to Mexico; but the historic way is by Havana and Vera Cruz. It was from the governor of Cuba that Cortez received his commission to go in quest of gold and adventure in 1518; and while he was not the first Spaniard to visit the Mexican coast, nor Vera Cruz the first place that his vessels touched, yet the successful invasion of the country began with his landing there in the spring of 1519. It would take a long story to tell of all the invaders and adventurers that have made Vera Cruz their port since his time, despite the absence of any protected harbor. This lack made Cortez destroy his fleet, and was never remedied till about the beginning of the twentieth century. As for railroads, even a generation ago when the building of one from the United States was proposed, the rulers of Mexico were accustomed to forbid it, saying, "Between the

strong and the weak the desert is a necessity." It was in 1884 that railroad connection was first established. The land route, therefore, is not taken by any one wishing to reconstruct the past; and even for a present sense of the individuality of our neighbor nation we should not choose to step over the imaginary border line from a town nominally American but still in a degree Mexican, to a town nominally Mexican but already a good deal Americanized. The broad track of the ocean, not the narrow glistening rail, shall take us to the land of our pilgrimage.

Leaving New York on a sleety and cruel Thursday of December or January, we slip down the East River, remaining on deck, whatever the cold, and letting the impression of our own perpendicular metropolis fix itself as strongly as it will on our departing vision. So we have said "good-bye" to the exigent Land of Now and have determined the picture that will return to us for contrast when we look on older cities in the "land of *mañana*," the land of the long yesterday and the untried to-morrow. If we sight again any shore of the former country it will be as those who pass by, and with a feeling of detachment.

We find ourselves aboard a steamer which one member of the company, much traveled on trans-Atlantic *Largitanias,* can scarcely regard without amusement at its littleness. There is, however, a well-seasoned old captain, for this voyage a plain passenger like the rest of us, who says that our supercilious friend will change his estimate of the *Morro Castle.* The fastest vessel of the Ward Line, she is admirable also for the steadiness of her going in all weathers. As for size, not many years ago there was no craft afloat that could belittle a ship of 9,500 tons.

This captain, born and grown in Ayr, Scotland, and as fond and proud of Bobbie Burns as becomes a good Ayrshireman, is just returning from a visit home after several years' work for "the Pearsons" at Vera Cruz and elsewhere. If we don't know who the Pearsons are, he evidently thinks that we ought to know; and doubtless we shall learn before we have finished our tour. On arriving in Vera Cruz, if we like he will take us aboard one of their dredging schooners, of which he was once in command. Now he is to become chief pilot of the new port of Salina Cruz, over on the Pacific.

The Scottish captain is not the only interesting passenger. On a ship bound for Liverpool or Hamburg one might find the list made up of persons like oneself, bent on merely "doing" the objective country or countries and then returning with the supposed gains of the expedition all jumbled or nicely assorted in their heads. But these people bound for Mexico are to be charged with no such levity. They set out with as many large and grave desires as were ever registered at Wishing Gate. The young man with pink cheeks and curly locks has accepted in high hope of advancement a position as secretary to an American railway official; and his parents, who think that every Mexican carries two pistols and a wicked heart, bade him a tremulous farewell at the wharf. The dark, resolute-looking, "tailor-made" girl is a school teacher, now to become a missionary, whose parents, if she has any, probably sent her from them with Spartan or Puritan fortitude. That angular countryman of ours with the long nose is going to bring suit against the Mexican Federal government for having diverted the natural water supply from a property in which he is interested. He can

discourse to you roundly about the deviousness and perversity of the courts down there and of their servility to the wishes of the Executive. He, however, will bring pressure to bear from without, if no satisfaction is given; and he has an English partner who will apply for redress also through the British representative. The very quiet man in the modest clothes may be a professional gambler, the engineer of a mine three days' saddle ride from any railroad, or a United States secret-service man appointed to find out something or other at personal risk. There is a former ship's doctor going to set up practice in a new "camp," and an old man making, for him, a really perilous journey to learn the truth about a mine in which his savings are invested. The mine has been paying since the days of Captain Drake, who may have enjoyed some indirect dividends, but the management changes from time to time and will bear investigation. The brown, gesticulating group that you have noticed, who talk Spanish too fast to be understood by the Cortina method, are on their way home to Guatemala. The small but efficient-looking young Mexican and his quite dazzlingly beautiful bride

have spent two weeks of their honeymoon in New York, where the *señora,* lately *señorita,* found her greatest delight in the Hippodrome. Do not on that account question her culture or her seriousness. Her playing on the ship's piano to-night was brilliant. She can discuss with meaning the literature of either her own language or ours. She and her husband are loyal but not implicit Catholics, with advanced political ideas; and they assured us that while they did not favor revolution in 1911, nevertheless, President Diaz being safely retired, they and scores of thousands would resist the succession of any but a progressive man. She is interested in social advancement and has herself been a teacher of the poor on her father's plantation. In a little aside she declared her conviction that Mexican girls become model wives in their faithfulness and their devotion to all the interests of their husbands, but generally the Mexican man is not so good a husband as the American of her acquaintance. If her own husband were not an exception, of course, as touching this subject, she would hold her finger upon her lips forever.

This business of reviewing our fellow-pas-

sengers, some consultation of Terry's and Campbell's guide-books, a little study of Spanish, a good deal of parading the deck, and hours given to the sights of the sea, will fill the next week or more. We are due to arrive at Vera Cruz on Friday, but Captain Ayrshire says we probably shan't—Sunday morning is more likely;—and so we may as well sink into comfortable acquiescence. The study of Spanish, even, may be dispensed with altogether, for the ship's stewards are all Americans or Britons and we are advised one can make one's way anywhere in Mexico now by the aid of English alone, so general has its use become. This is demonstrated by many tourists every year. Yet by the aid of from fifty to two hundred Spanish words and a little knowledge of the grammar, one can travel with added pleasure and satisfaction. Often a clerk or waiter who is advertised to speak English will understand better even the most limited and halting Spanish. The Mexican people everywhere appreciate any evidence that a stranger has taken pains to learn a little of their *idioma,* which is probably of all languages the easiest, as it is certainly one of the most rewarding of casual study.

The first event will be the sight, early Sunday morning, of palms above an amber beach that some one says is Florida. We think we have heard the name in connection with the doings of one De Leon. As for our much-traveled friend, he has heard that there is wireless connection along the coast and goes to ask if the Aerogram for the day is issued yet. He is interested, not in the Fountain of Youth nor in a mythical El Dorado, but in the success of the orange crop. All day Sunday this low land and the flotilla of keys that trail away to the southward will be visible, the canvas of many sailing vessels contrasting prettily with the green of the islands. When the sun goes down among them, imagination may flash forward at once to New Old Spain, in its larger conception; for on the morrow we shall find ourselves, not in Mexico to be sure, but in Cuba.

At daybreak Monday morning on the first voyage that I took we were called and told that Morro Castle was in sight. The name filled us with a not unpleasant excitement then, for the incidents of the American war with Spain had not yet passed from tense actuality into the calm atmosphere of things

historic. We were entering the tragical presence of the battleship *Maine,* through a portentous gateway, on our way to a foreign, romantic, and more or less enchanted city. It was a great moment. There, sure enough, was the castle at the left, there were the answering batteries on the other side, and there were we, breathlessly stealing in between the two terrors. This feeling gave way almost instantly to another, an appreciation of beauty that can no more be described than it can be forgotten. With its tower lamp held up like a yellow blossom against the flush of dawn, the castle, for all its bulk, has no frowning reality. Its lines and those of the rampart farther in must have been hard enough once; but the mellow hue of decay, the half-concealment of venerable trees, and other quieting touches have at last subdued it all to a picture of loveliness. Beyond spreads the wide harbor, and along it the low-built town of many colors, all harmonious in the dim light, its sky line varied by many palm trees and here and there by church towers that could not belong in any Anglo-Saxon country.

The flag of the United States was floating over the castle just then, and our ship cast

anchor near the wreck of the *Maine*. I hired a russet-colored man with a heavy boat and a tattered red sail, bare feet, and a yellow cigarette to take me around the wreck. We went ashore and visited among other things the old Cathedral, where the sexton assured us of as much history as he could by declaring several times with a good deal of emphasis, "Columbus—ashes! Ashes—Columbus!" We understood this kind of Spanish very well, as far as it went, and our guide-books reminded us how Columbus was first buried according to his own wish on the island of Santo Domingo; how, later, in 1795, when the French took the island, certain bones purporting to be his were brought from there to Havana, and how, in 1898, when in turn Cuba was lost to the Spaniards, they took the relics away with them to Seville.

In this city of 400,000 inhabitants we began to appreciate a few of the facts, to see characteristic pictures, and to feel the proverbial spell of Latin America. The republics to southward of us have two of the five largest cities on the western continent, and may boast a half dozen cities all larger than Havana, which, however, surpasses Antwerp, Dublin,

or Hong Kong. In any of them Anachronism, a figure that walks openly enough in every modern town, would be as plain to northern eyes as here, and show as pleasing guises.

Cuba should have only passing mention on our way. We were aboard again before sundown. The view of Havana from an outbound ship at nightfall is most beautiful. There is no bewilderment of lights as in New York, but a thin line of sparks like a string of gems dangles along the shore for miles, a suffused glow reveals the outlines of things even more romantically than they appeared in the morning; and the personality that one ascribes to every harbor city appears at Havana to be one of tenderness, as thus seen and left.

Sea life is more abundant and varied in the Gulf than in the Atlantic. Flying fishes, like little creatures of silver, are passed frequently, and from time to time a school of porpoises, bent on making their way across the path of the ship, recall the antics of sheep bolting through a gateway. There is such a thing as heavy grace, and the porpoise at play embodies it.

Three days from our arrival at Havana, or two days and an added night of actual sailing, bring us to the west coast of Yucatan. This time there is no gateway with ancient castles for newel posts, no enclosed harbor with space for a thousand ships, no domes and towers to enhance the sky line, no murmurs of an indolent city's awakening. There is nothing but the word of the officers to tell you that you are riding opposite Progreso, the port of Merida, which is the capital of Yucatan and has more per capita wealth than any other city in Mexico. No place could be more devoid of shelter; and while Progreso is an important discharging point, the estimates of cost for an artificial harbor have always in the past been such as to discourage the undertaking. A plan now under consideration is expected to cost over twenty millions of dollars. If you inquire, you will be told that there is no better place along the whole Yucatan coast. "We used to stop at Campeche," says the quartermaster, "and that's over a hundred miles farther south. It looked as bad and was in fact worse. When off Campeche you saw nothing but water and sky, with a little rim of sand between. Yucatan has no harbors."

But we have not begun to make acquaintance with Progreso. The delay must be pardoned as it is unavoidable.

The authorities forbid the landing of a person or a pound till the medical officer of the port has honored us with a visit and inspection. In this they follow the American example. The *Señor Doctor,* however, has too much dignity, too much appreciation of comfort, too much regard for social amenities among his friends, to follow the abrupt, matter-of-fact business ways of his American counterpart. If the breeze is too stiff or if the clouds seem to threaten, if there is a bull-fight or a wedding afoot, or if he is engaged in a friendly game of cards, clearly it would be inconvenient for him to come out. On one visit of mine the twelve-hour stop of the steamer was lengthened to forty-eight, and on another to sixty-five. We may as well generalize, therefore, about the configuration along the peninsula, about the habits of certain public functionaries, about human progress toward the millennium or toward the vanishing point. For it is impossible, even on ship-board, to talk all the time about one's meals.

When all else fails we can look overboard at the sharks. This has a fascination, uncanny enough in daytime, but of multiplied power and hatefulness at night, for often there are lamps by which the ghastly and noiseless forms can be discerned. Yes, they will come up in plain sight enough, and not by ones and twos but by the half-dozen. To be sure, they cannot, however they try, produce quite the *appliqué* effect seen in Winslow Homer's painting of the "Gulf Stream." They must remain suspended in and somewhat identified with the medium that they infest; and there is a certain unreality about one of them, however obvious he makes himself. Is it not so with all creatures of prey—the tiger, the owl, or the pirate ship, if you ever observed any of them in their haunts? You are not so sure of them as of a cow, or a lumber barge. Still, the sharks at Progreso will do all that you have any right to expect in the interest of verification and definiteness. They are so tame, the officers of the Ward Line have been quoted as saying, that they "will eat from a person's hand—or leg." They will take a hook if you bait it with a chunk of fish or odorous meat as large

as a ham, and you can try the muscular sense upon them. When you have brought one up to the surface, with the help of fellow-passengers, and have lost your only hook, the mate will assure you that they are much easier to "drown" than a bass if you work them rightly, and that the only way to land one is with a runnin' bowlin' around his tail.

Nights at Progreso are lonely to a stranger on deck. Perhaps there is no doctor whose business it is to come out and examine us. Perhaps there isn't any town, though there are a few lights over there to the eastward that look human and wistful. Everything ashore, for aught that we can tell, may be as when Francisco Cordoba skirted this coast in 1517. Nothing is very certain. One passenger who had spent two days and nights thus with the sharks and the gulls, the water and the sky, the warm, unctuous air, the distant lights, and the solitude put his mood into rather sentimental verse:

> What meaning have the terms of space—
> What is it to be near, or far?
> I have not altered, though apace
> Removed, nor felt that your loved face
> Would alter, or the inward grace
> That makes you what you are.

And what reality has time?
Is this not hard to understand—
Half miserable, half sublime,—
That now my thoughts with yours may chime
And still for lagging Fortune's prime
I wait, to grasp your hand?

I do not know, but while to-night,
In low, companionable tone,
The waves console each other—bright
The long familiar stars, and sight
Peers home to every landward light,—
I know I am alone!

At times the port is far from lonesome, and humor is more natural than melancholy. I saw a half dozen American and European vessels there at one time, some having waited three days already for the perfunctory attention of the port officers. It is diverting to imagine the inside appearance of a man's mind who can thus make large numbers of persons and great values in property wait for release upon his petty convenience and then can show himself complacent and polite as if nothing incongruous had happened. Certainly he has not a Yankee sense of the absurd. "And so that is the Mexican way, is it!" you exclaim. Well, it is a familiar way among certain grades of officials.

Once the embargo is removed, there will be doings about the ship almost interesting enough to make one stay aboard. Cattle will be lifted either by the horns or in slings out of the hold and dropped into the "lighters" that have come alongside. A great many American cattle of good breeds go to Yucatan, you are told. If you have been studying Spanish you will enjoy the admonition *"Poco a poco!"* ("Little by little") as pianos are deposited bottom-side up in another lighter. You may see currants from Italy, butter from Denmark, and corn from the United States, if it so happens. You will learn that Yucatan imports nearly everything and exports chiefly one thing, henequin, which is the fiber of a kind of century plant used to make binding twine for reapers, coarse inferior rope, and cheap brushes. You wonder that the rest of the world can afford to send to Yucatan the means of subsistence in exchange for such a commodity; and you are told that in fact a mere subsistence is a small part of what the rest of the world has accorded most owners of henequin plantations. As for the workers in it, they must be considered separately.

One puzzling thing is the incredible activity

of the barefoot workers in these native barges. You are told that they receive, too, an almost incredible stipend, for Mexico, a dollar and a half per day. They earn whatever they are paid. Only monkeys or squirrels are expected to be so nimble, only horses to be so strenuous and unstinting of energy. They do not illustrate your general idea of Mexican lassitude. You make note of them, but as yet they remain unclassified.

IV

HENEQUIN

BY the time the ship's tender is ready to leave, you have decided that after all you had better go ashore. You have already seen enough of the "lightering" process to give you a notion of the rest.

Progreso, you discover, isn't anything but a good lighthouse and a port without a harbor, which stands second to Vera Cruz in the republic for quantity of imports received. If the government builds the proposed jetties, their necessary length will be four or five miles. As for the town, it is credited with 5000 inhabitants whose dwellings straggle a considerable distance along the beach. It has a park, a church that cost more money to build than a town of like size would afford at home, a bull-ring, a market that will offer a great variety of sensations to eye and ear without undue offense to the nostrils, and a railway station by which one may leave for Merida.

It is a low, flat country, with little vegetation except scrub trees and presently the henequin, which you easily distinguish because of its arrangement in straight rows. The plants, if allowed to grow haphazard, would arouse no suspicion of their being worth anything, gray-green, juiceless-looking, sword-shaped leaves radiating from a gnarled stalk, and growing out of a dry, dust-and-ashes-looking soil, if indeed they do not grow out of the limestone itself. Standing valiantly in their rows, however, they command instant respect, and knowing that they extract annually twenty million dollars' worth of value (American money) from the unfertile soil of the peninsula, you can easily view them as typifying man's subjugation of the world. The poorer the soil for any other crop, the more sturdily henequin is said to grow upon it, and the larger the quantity of growth, the better also the quality of fiber.

At intervals you will see a little hamlet or the buildings of a plantation with its windmills. A clump of palms marks the location of a well. Water of excellent quality is said to abound in Yucatan, but it is all underground water, which must be drilled for and

pumped. The soil for gardens and most field crops has also to be brought artificially, the rocks being first broken by blasting. So you no longer wonder at the variety of imports that you saw coming ashore from your own and other vessels, though you had supposed perhaps that corn would come more cheaply from some parts of Mexico. Surely in parts of the country, being the staple food of the poor, it must be cheaper than in Nebraska. So indeed it is in parts, and at times; but you are told that crops have been bad for two or three years and transportation and other facilities being as they are and the demand in each Mexican state so nearly equaling the production, American corn is to be had at less cost. This does not wholly dismiss the subject from your mind. Butter from Kansas or from Denmark at a *peso* a pound does not stagger you, nor currants at any price, because, as Mark Twain declared about principles, one can do without them; but that the poor, who must have their corn, should be buying it from the United States disturbs our feeling that the low compensation of labor is doubtless adjusted somehow to low costs in a bountiful land.

From the car windows you catch glimpses of the poor natives and reflect that they have at least one economic advantage, that of needing few clothes. At the same time you will become aware of a merit in them—such garments as they wear are astonishingly clean. This is not a condescending remark that on the whole, considering poverty and ignorance, they do very well; it goes farther than that. For in fact it is hard to conceive how people can trudge up and down the dusty roads bearing their burdens, in and out through the dusty fields at their toil, and keep their white clothing so spotless as these people do. It makes one lift up one's head in pride. If the evolution theory is a correct guess, to be a human being is after all a great thing and must signify a long upward process. The Mayas, who are the native race of Yucatan, did not learn from the Spaniards to weave their cloth, nor to cut and drape it in simple grace, nor to color in native dyes their threads with which to embroider it. As for keeping it clean, if you study that habit among them you will conclude that it also must have been a long time fixed.

Another comforting observation is that,

whatever the wage scale, or the submergence below any such, whatever the cost of living, the seeming scantiness of fare, or the rate of mortality, these are not an emaciated people. Their well-rounded limbs, flat backs and full chests, well-poised heads and full contour of face do not tell of starvation. It must be that to some conditions for which writers have pitied them, they are adapted by immemorial breeding. You will find this same observation holds in other parts of the republic (we call it so for convenience); and you had better draw all proper comfort from it, as some of the standard tests of well-being will show badly enough when you come to apply them.

While the train speeds along its level and easy way, you speculate further about these golden-bronze men and women with their glistening white garments and their statuesque figures. Is it not an Oriental fact about them that they can be well fed upon almost nothing, and are they not Oriental in the calm continuance of their own ways of dress and their own style of habitation? For even the wretchedly poor do give some hints of what architecture they approve. Here are questions that the learned have, perhaps, not considered specifi-

cally, though the larger general one as to origins has been often before them.

Recurring to cleanliness, you ask whether all Mexican laborers are like these. Your more way-wise companion will counsel you not to press that query but only to mark these that you have seen in your note-book.

Whoever these people are, you will remember them with gratitude for having made spots so vivid in a barren landscape.

We are traveling now under an arrangement with the Yucatan Tours Bureau, so cabs will await us on our arrival in Merida. It has a population above 40,000 and the reputation of being the cleanest city of all Mexico. Its well-washed asphalt pavements, the orderliness of the business streets, and the look of freshness about the buildings in general justify this title.

You will be sure to notice the beauty of some of the gardens, and will be told not only that every tree and shrub had to be planted, but that the very soil in which they grow had to be transported and paid for by the cubic meter. The vegetable gardens of the city are grown by Chinese, who gather up every scrap of refuse capable of being used as fertilizer.

In the way of sights you will be taken to a half-million-dollar theater, to a cathedral finished in 1598 at a cost of $150,000, to the house of Montejo, built by a Spanish worthy of that name in 1549, or only a little over half a century after the first voyage of Columbus. You will be taken also to the Government Palace and will note that it is a substantial structure, but will not care for details. Very soon one learns in Mexico that the things to see are not "the sights." The picture of the city in general, with its many gesticulating windmills, the occasional glimpses of beautiful courts within the solid old dwellings, the unexpected presence of a few houses that would not be amiss in Baltimore, the panorama of strangely varied life—this is what feeds the imagination more than concrete and particular show objects. Cosmopolitan-looking Mexicans and cosmopolitan-looking strangers mingle with the most outlandish-looking foreigners and the most characteristically garbed of Mexicans—the women with their idealizing mantillas and the men with their abnormally big sombreros balanced above abnormally slim legs. Here, too, come the Mayas in their cotton with colored bor-

ders, their quiet self-possession, and their Oriental reserve. Mexicans will tell you that Yucatan is very clannish and express a hope that this aloofness may be overcome a little by such compliments as the one paid them by the election of a Yucatecan, Señor Pino Suarez, to be Madero's Vice-President. Of course you politely hope so too, but it does not surprise you to hear that the people here are peculiar and separate.

If you can you will visit the museum, and will regret that you have not a day for the statuary and other Maya curios here preserved. You will be certain later, however, to visit the National Museum at the capital, where a mere tourist can do more in a given length of time.

If you are to continue with the same vessel, you will see nothing of the world-famous ruins of Yucatan, those gigantic and ponderous as well as beautiful relics of a people whose forefathers, as some scholars believe, may have been the earliest of human kind. Again, if you must, you will console yourself in your purpose to see other ruins, not like these and not so old, it may be, but of such character and such antiquity as to fill us with

the same awe of the greatness of the past in our western hemisphere. If, on the other hand, you can spare a week till the next steamer, as I never could, you may easily spend a day or two on a henequin plantation, and visit the most accessible Yucatan ruins, those of Uxmal. The ruins cover square miles of area and constitute only one of many groups in Yucatan. They do not need to be reconstructed by the imagination and the patience of the archæologist; they stand clear and real for the eye and the camera of whoever seeks them out, not only in the solidity of their age-old walls but in the loveliness, astonishing variety, and unexplainable subject-matter of their decorations. Elephants, leopards, and other animals not associated in our minds with any American civilization are plainly represented. How old are they? How old is Egypt? There are serious and painstaking scholars who believe that the wondrous builders of these colossal and rich palaces, temples, and tombs were as early in their progress as the builders and sculptors of the Nile valley. They are old. But you do not wish to tarry with one who knows them only

from having gone over books and printed views in delight and amazement. John L. Stephens has written about them, and there are later supplemental writings.

So it is recent history to recall that Spaniards caught sight of the peninsula in 1506 or that they landed upon it in 1518, or that they made their first settlement in 1528. The voyages of Columbus himself were but a little while ago.

It will not take much travel to suggest, and any added travel will only confirm the impression, that Yucatan is somehow related to Florida, though geologists doubt or deny it. The train ride from Progreso to Merida across the low land with its scrubby growth and its many pools and marshes would have called up remembrances of certain Florida scenery even if one had not just sailed along the keys that are like the dotted line between two heavy pen strokes. Yucatan is not to be thought of as coming under our first general description of Mexico at all, for it compares with the main land as Florida compares with the Rocky Mountain country.

There is likely to be less haste in getting back to the steamer than there was to catch

the morning train. In Progreso a visit can be made to one of the great sisal (henequin) warehouses and time can be taken to notice the quality and quantity of the material ranged in great 400-pound bales upon the wharves. Here, as on the plantations, little mules propel the flat cars that convey it along narrow-gauge tramways; and the bales mass up as do cotton-bales on the wharves at New Orleans, by the thousand.

No one who has been reading about Mexico can leave Merida and Progreso without asking as to the status of the people who do the work on the plantations. On my last trip I devoted a large part of my time to just this inquiry. The revolution was not yet accomplished and President Diaz was still in nominal control.

Are Yaquis deported here from far-away Sonora? Yes, certainly, as a war measure.

Are they ill treated? They are accorded the same treatment that the native Mayas receive. There is no occasion to treat them with special severity since they are as industrious, peaceable, and dependable as any workers in the republic. After all, however, they are somewhat undesirable in one respect, that they

die very rapidly when brought to this climate so different from their own.

What is implied by saying that they are treated like the Maya laborers? Are they slaves? No one uses the word *slave* in Mexico. The laws and the Constitution forbid slavery. The people are held without sanction of law, but with the connivance of the government in a feudal bondage to the land. The owner of the land exercises a power whose limits are seldom discussed, and the people look to him for whatever protection, guidance, and means of subsistence they are to have.

Can they leave at will? Not if they are in debt, as is usually the case. A shrewd employer, even though a kindly one, will usually find opportunity to bring that about—transportation if they come to him from a distance, marriage fees, baptism fees, or what not, render most of them willing borrowers. To Mexicans just a degree more intelligent, of course debt is a mortal terror.

Can they be transferred at the will of the owner? He can transfer his debt-claim, yes. But he seldom wishes to, except when he sells the land, as labor is scarce.

Are the slaves—that is the workers—ever beaten, or otherwise maltreated? Doubtless, sometimes, but sensational books exaggerate. A great many owners are kind to their work people. Some make great personal effort and sacrifice for their welfare, and feel it a serious responsibility. Food, housing, personal treatment, and exactions of labor vary, of course, with different owners.

Still, if there should be here and there a cruel owner or overseer, the laborers are at his mercy, are they not? What redress have they? Well, there are shyster lawyers who will take the case of such laborers, but often the workers find the attempt difficult and dangerous. The fact is the authorities have favored a pretty tight hold on the only kind of labor that seems possible here; and that means a pretty strong exercise of control by the owners.

If a man owes fifty dollars which I am willing to pay in order to secure his service, can he go away with me of his own choice? You would have to get his employer to go before a judge and sign a release, indicating that all the man's debt is discharged by your payment of fifty dollars.

Then the fact is that by my help the man may with difficulty free himself, and without help he would certainly be unable, unless his employer saw fit to release him? That is one way of putting it, yes.

And what excuse is there, in a country with a modern Constitution and with enlightened laws on its statute books, for maintaining such a system? The excuse of business necessity. These people would not do the needed work on a voluntary basis; and the labor problem could not be met at all. The system is not defensible by argument, it is not what it ought to be, but to change it seems impossible. We believe these natives are generally and for the most part better off with some one both to command them and to provide for them. Left to themselves they are both improvident and lazy. Many Mexican laborers cannot be hired to work voluntarily more than two or three days a week.

The above, though a composite of several interviews with men in official authority, in business relations, or otherwise well qualified to know, represents the unanimous and, except in details, the unvarying replies that were given me on the points raised. I talked

with no one of radical sympathies. It is only as to frequency or infrequency of gross abuse that difference of opinion exists. And without having spent a good deal of actual time among the plantations, one's opinion on this must be taken either from such testimony as one can gather, or from settled doctrines as to the tendency of arbitrary and irresponsible power and the natural effect on its unwilling objects.

Every one is doctrinaire enough to infer something from general principles. Standing on the wharf ready for departure one looks at the clean, coarse fiber in its bales, thinks of its growth under the ardent but not unwholesome rays of the sun, and would be willing to vote that no man should betray another simpler man into debt and servitude in order to obtain its cultivation. Free labor and a fair share of its return, together with the strict punishment of any one who should advance money on a labor contract, might be hard for existing enterprise to adjust itself to; but on broad humanitarian grounds one would be willing to see it honestly, bravely, and persistently tried. Even should production fall off, there are worse things conceivable. One goes

away inclined to give the exploited poor the benefit of the doubt. "That is," retort the defenders, "you would be willing to try experiments at some one else's expense." There are indeed many things that one might hesitate to try at one's own expense, yet which the most rudimentary justice demands. Disinterested public opinion is needed to arbitrate.

NOTE TO 1919 EDITION:—It is gratifying to know that under an entirely new régime, with a governor whose political theories are advanced and even radical, the people of Yucatan have entered a very different set of conditions. While there are conflicting opinions, somewhat influenced, no doubt, by the fact that the price of American binder twine has been forced upward, unquestionably the plantation laborer has obtained a measure of freedom. This has been brought about, too, without any intervening period of chaos or general disorder, so far as Yucatan is concerned.

V

VERA CRUZ

ABOARD again and ashore again! This time, after two nights and a day, it is Vera Cruz. It might have been Tampico, another important and somewhat expensive man-made harbor 250 miles farther north, if we had cared to change lines at Progreso. We should have fared worse for the rest of our sea voyage, however; and unless in the way of hunting or tarpon fishing should have had little reward for it. Eight days, less a few hours, is the time from leaving New York till you anchor at Vera Cruz, if the port inspection at Progreso is made promptly. It is said that this sometimes happens.

Vera Cruz has a delightful little park with so many fine trees and shrubs that its conventionality does not appear. It has a good military band to play martial and other airs in the evening, and a hotel of an aspect as old as Ferdinand and Isabella, from under the *por-*

tal of which the band can be heard to advantage. There are two or three hundred girls who walk round the outer square of the plaza making themselves part of the little poem to which the trees and the music also belong. A visitor who could afford to dash illusions to the ground would call only a very few of the girls beautiful; and there are at least two or three for whom an attempt at modernity has resulted in the absurd. Most, however, are picturesque, and have a quaintness that makes them pleasant to look at in the well-filtered though abundant light. They come to enjoy the music and the activity, to distract the minds of an equal number of less interesting young men, and, perhaps, to play with some mild distraction in their own pretty heads. Some have older women as visible accessories, for others, mother love is watchful from the benches among the trees, and for still others, as Vera Cruz is a coast town and has learned foreign ways, perhaps no one is vigilant. The girls revolve like a circlet of paper flowers in one direction, and the young men in a circle without take the opposite direction, by which device mutual admiration may exchange glances twice on each round. Still a third

circle is made up of the lower-class people, men and women, who also love the music, the light and flickering shadows, and the bartering of glances—if this were worthy of notice in their case. For one thing I have watched them and have not seen it. There is no look of envy or resentment toward those whom Fortune has placed nearer the center of the wheel of happiness. They belong to a docile, placidly reflective race who take most things for granted. Of the three revolving rings the outmost is not the least satisfactory to the imagination. As for the young men, they will show better in daytime, when one does not so greatly miss the tight-fitting leather or velvet that they ought to be wearing instead of the foreign clothes which they have not yet learned to wear, and when they and we have other thoughts than now. One smiles at the young men here in the evening.

There are Americans who eat and drink too much under the *portales*. There are money changers who demand five per cent., to enhance the better currency than their own which you have to offer. There are, to be sought in due time, great high-posted beds canopied with mosquito netting, now less

needed than a few years ago, but still not amiss as a precaution; the beds are two in each room, and a room is as large as a town hall. If you get a front room, which is best, you will have air to breathe, will see new charms of the park, but will be kept awake by street noises, including those of electric cars. A flat wheel in Vera Cruz sounds very much as it would in Hoboken. So also does a phonograph whose voice is changing.

All these things are easily seen and experienced.

You may incline to hurry away because of the reputation of the port for mosquitoes and fever. If your fortune is like mine recently, however, you will see nothing to suggest mosquitoes but the netting over the bed. I remember when they were in evidence. As for fever, in the winter months it is very rare, and no longer prevalent at any season. The few cases that occur are chiefly among those classes who cannot or will not meet the requirements of sanitation. Probably you will not take a sip of water in the city, except what is bought in bottles at a sufficient price; and this is well enough; but still you ought to be told that the city water obtained from the Jamapa

River is passed through great filtration beds on which a good deal of money has been spent, that there is a two-million-dollar sewage system, and that conditions generally are much better than they were a decade ago. No one used to stay in Vera Cruz longer than necessary, and any foreigner whose work held him there would have his family no nearer than Orizaba.

It may happen, if your steamer makes port in the morning, that you will have an enforced wait of a day in which to learn some of these things for yourself. Then, perhaps, you will make a trip to the old Castle of San Juan de Ulua. Begun in 1528, built at an inflated cost of forty million *pesos* in all, but, like more recent works at Vera Cruz, done well if bravely charged for in the bill, beaten upon by the untempered storms of the open sea, captured more than once by buccaneers, made the last stronghold of Spain in the war for Mexican independence, later occupied, in 1838, by the French, and again, in 1847, by an American fleet, witness in its dungeons of miseries untold, and even lately the frowning tomb of many civil or political offenders in whom hope was dead, San Juan de Ulua has a more

varied and awesome history than any other fortress on the western continent. The Spaniards are gone forever, and it is known how they kept prisoners in mere manholes where the tide would rise to their necks. Other cruelties more revolting are known. The military rule under which Porfirio Diaz held the country being so recently at an end, and his successor having been less addicted to the press agent than he, we do not know fully what uses he made of this most dreaded prison. The dungeons and the manholes are still there; but our guide-book, published under official sanction during his régime, naïvely says that the humane government does not use them. However that may have been, in November, 1911, President Madero ordered that all prisoners be removed from the castle to more sanitary quarters.

If you go out upon one of the jetties, at the end you will see boys fishing with long lines, heavy "sinkers," and large bait for fish diminutive, though of brilliant colors; or they may be flying kites out here where no trees or wires obstruct. You should admire the masonry, and read from your guide-book that harbor protection at Vera Cruz cost four hundred

years and thirty million *pesos* ($15,000,000).

You will surely walk or ride out from the main plaza to the Alameda, another more informal park, and so out the Paseo de los Cocos. The winter temperature is delightful. From one of the benches on a Sunday or a holiday you may review a great deal of life.

This Paseo de los Cocos has not one striking feature, unless the stretch of avenue and park itself with the rows of graceful trees be meant. Yet, to the visitor with a leisure hour, there is something about the street as a whole that will make itself felt as unique. There are typical houses of every style that the varied character of the people would suggest, including the American, and of every quality from that of comparative affluence to that of the laborer. Whoever has traveled in the South of the United States and has gone up and down the streets of a negro quarter in any but a very large town with his imagination alert will know what is meant by saying that houses of the negro-cabin type, though not all occupied by negroes, predominate. The little dwellings are pretty in their way, most of them, and decently kept. The fine avenues of trees lends to them a setting that their owners

could never have procured. The air of the whole place seems one of greater contentment, of more relaxation and ease of life than that of the usual street in Mexico. The Mexican poor may suggest patience or abject submission to a miserable state; but they seldom show the happy abandon of the negro. As you go along here there is a feeling that normally the world is kind even to the poor. Arrived at the end of the avenue you stand by a statue of liberty whose design you will soon forget, and your eye sweeps on over a view of country that will not be so soon forgotten. The statue marks for these people the end of what is accomplished or determinate; but the road goes on, and there are still palms that wave gracefully, and gentle hills that rim in the picture, and sky that is deep with haze—a soft enlargement every way that if it does not summon them to largeness of achievement must beguile them into largeness of comfort. They are not poets or wordy commentators; but they do come out here and look—have we not seen them doing so, quietly, by families, the white, the black, the yellow, and the various blends of these? If you walk back along the Paseo in the gathering twilight

you will fancy that the natural scene is reflected in all that you pass. It may be only fancy, but it is likely to remain.

There is an evening train for the highlands, but if you take it you will miss the evening view of the city, and, what is worse, will be able to see little on the way up. So you will doubtless choose to spend the night at Hotel Diligencias. From your balcony when you are awake you will become aware of a rather fine old church fronting the park, lovely in color, admirable in lines, and of impressive solidity. From your vantage point at a distance you have seen it at its best.

You will betake yourself in the half-light to the railway station, which is less than half lighted, and will vaguely hope that you are enough awake to have found the right way out of this perilous and purgatorial state to the paradise of your expectations. You will have learned that a modern union station, in keeping with the substantial customs houses, postoffice, lighthouse, and other public buildings, is under construction; but this will not relieve you of groping through the old one. Make your way to the ticket window and ask for a time-table and the agent will tell you

"*No hay,*" which is pronounced as if alluding to the darkness, "No eye," and which means that the thing desired is non-existent. You will become familiar with it in Mexico partly because every second-hand American wag will emphasize its recurrence. As for time-tables, doubtless the passenger is expected to carry the *Guia Oficial,* a monthly railroad guide to be had at trifling cost.

There is so much in anticipation that Vera Cruz may seem only a gateway and you bid it no lingering farewell. Yet this town, which was almost a century old when Shakespeare and Cervantes wrote, has a great deal of history that may be read before and after the observations of a day; and even apart from reading you may find more direct impressions treasured in mind from your first day in Mexico than just now you are aware.

VI

TEHUANTEPEC AND THE JUNGLE

AS yet there can be no just quarrel with the goings or the tarryings of our journey, because they have involved little choice; but henceforth there is all the latitude that a great country of varying interests affords. The visitor for a few weeks must choose, then harden himself against all distracting allurements.

Mexico City is in mind when Vera Cruz is left, not only because it is now the capital and metropolis but because in historic times it has always claimed this distinction and because the route thither is the most famous in the republic. Economy of travel, however, will dictate that some other places be visited earlier. We turn southward toward the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, over the *Vera Cruz al Istmo* Railway to a restaurant with an American manager and Chinese service which bears the devout Castilian name of Santa

Lucrecia. There may be a colony of alligators to swell the importance of the place, for alligators do abound in parts of the Coatzacoalcos River; but the freedom with which native women and children bathe below the iron bridge would argue that the alligators, if present, are little regarded. What makes Santa Lucrecia of any note is that there the railroad has its junction with the trans-isthmian route called the *Ferrocarril Nacional de Tehuantepec.* We are on our way to the Pacific terminus of that line, which has been in operation since 1907, which is better known in Europe than in the United States, and which it is prophesied will be an enduring rival of the Panama Canal for all freight traffic between the two oceans.

The traveler who left Vera Cruz in the morning reaches Santa Lucrecia about bedtime. The eating house, as one writer has nicely phrased it, suggests the old California mining camps with their "cheap bars and camp grub." "Here," he declares, "you put your zinc teaspoon into the sugar-bowl lest you offend by superior ways; drink without wincing if any one asks you to, and hold your tongue." In a literary way I would not criti-

cise this. As to its meaning, I have never tried wincing over a drink, or loosing my tongue in disparagement of one already taken; but I refused to drink at Santa Lucrecia with no more hesitancy than I would in Saratoga; and the company, including a young American engineer, an English plantation manager, the German captain of a river boat running to Coatzacoalcos, and some mixed or nondescript personages did not take affront. We continued talking together for hours till my train left, they exercising their liberties and I undisputed in mine.

The embarrassments and perils to a "total abstainer" in Mexico, by the way, are often exaggerated. I have heard Americans counseled to absent themselves from certain social gatherings on the ground that it would be a serious breach of amenity to refuse anything offered; but when they disregarded the advice they found their hosts as open to polite explanation as Americans would be in like circumstances. The Governor's family in the state where I lived gave continued and unmistakable demonstrations of cordiality to a visitor who had declined their cognac from

the gracious hand of the Governor's wife herself. Why should they not? to be sure. As for the absence or unfitness of water, in restaurants mineral spring water is almost as omnipresent as beer; boiled milk is furnished; and then there are always coffee, tea, and chocolate, all of which have of course been boiled. Lime juice is recommended on good authority as a discourager of germs, so that a little may wisely be squeezed into water of which one is not sure. On jaunts, oranges and other fruits often take the place of drink; the palatable *tuna* or prickly pear grows on some of the driest deserts. The milk of a new cocoanut *(coco de agua),* if obtainable, will quench thirst for hours. All this is offered not as stimulating but perhaps as serviceable information.

Santa Lucrecia is about midway between the two oceans, though not at the height of land, as the Pacific slope is much more abrupt and the highest point, therefore, about forty miles west of the middle. By west I mean toward the Pacific; and that is directly south. We have been for some little time and are still in a region of heavy rainfall, and the country is a typical jungle in consequence;

but it will end abruptly at the ridge. The difference between aridity on the Pacific slope and abundant rain on the Atlantic which is indicated for South America is almost equally marked even here where the ridge becomes low, and is narrowed to 125 miles. The west side has comparatively little forest, while the east has the greatest conceivable variety and luxuriance of growth.

As evening had begun to lower before the change from semi-desert conditions took place, it will be impossible just now to get a full impression of the jungle. That requires either a long time or the traversing of considerable distance. The traveler is aware at the first approach of a coolness after the scorching heat of mid-day on the plains, of a gradual increase in vegetation until it is abundant, and of the insect choir, which, though different voices may enter, seems to produce at nightfall the same droning effect wherever and whenever heard. It is a surprise to find that one is to have a comfortable night, a thick blanket proving not unwelcome.

Now the train is slipping downward over the isthmus, the highest point being Chivela,

at an altitude of 750 feet, and vegetation begins to grow less. You may be prepared to view a quite different country from your car window in the morning.

If you are up betimes you will catch sight of Tehuantepec, the name of which place is also the name of the Isthmus, and about which you can read and hear tales to stir your blood. The tales belong to the whole region and some of them more specifically to other towns like Juchitan, a few miles away; but Tehuantepec is the name with which they have become associated. They are stories of a race prouder, braver, handsomer, and it may be more intelligent than others round about, refusing to intermarry with other tribes and having tastes and standards quite their own. Men and women were numerically proportioned to each other somewhat as elsewhere, no doubt, till the men were killed off. Then the women, still disdaining to marry with men of a lower type, assumed the business and the leadership, and it became a community of women.

A brother of Porfirio Diaz figures in the history of this change. Being governor of the state of Oaxaca, which includes the Te-

huantepec region, he did such wholesale violence to property rights, to the virtue of native women, and to life itself, that he could no longer be tolerated. It is said that he was in the act of fleeing from the country when, early in the year 1877, he was captured by the Indians, tortured as dreadfully as he had tortured many victims, and then killed. It is said that vengeance at the behest of President Diaz on account of this act was what prompted a massacre of nearly all male inhabitants of the place long afterward, though he is credited with having planned to kill only every tenth male and not all that the soldiers could reach, as actually happened. Porfirio Diaz has not been accustomed to tell his motives or explain his actions, but a cold-blooded massacre did occur, removing a large part of the men who had not been sacrificed in the long war with Spain and the later civil wars; and the general understanding of its motive is as just suggested.

Ten years ago people said little about such matters; but in the spring of 1911, when they might with reason have been more cautious than ever, I found them eager every-

where to say what they knew and believed. Books and periodicals in the United States, too, have not hesitated to disclose a great many things the mere hint of which, in 1910, would have caused some reviewer in the New York *Post* to denounce the authors as guilty of "ignorant abuse." To say that on the whole Mexico has been ruled in a way favorable or unfavorable to ultimate high destiny is perhaps not given to fallible critics at this time. But that the existing rule has often been accompanied by deliberate, profuse, and relentless shedding of blood for over thirty years every one at all familiar with the facts knows. When drastic measures were taken against the lawless and violent, they had the apparent sanction of necessity. A characteristic policy of President Diaz was setting "a thief to catch a thief"—he mobilized companies of bandits and organized them into the *"Rurales,"* whose duty it was to hunt other bandits and render country travel safe. Such a weapon in the hands of an arbitrary and irresponsible ruler, however, lent itself too easily, some have thought, to less justifiable use. That intimidation and repression, banishment, summary killing of individuals

guilty of no moral wrong, and now and then wholesale slaughter were admirably suited to the needs of the nation may be quite obvious to a few minds; but to the average intelligence it seems doubtful.

And here is Tehuantepec shifting brightly across the vision in the morning light. A few women at the station who might be Queens of Sheba unless their garb seem too brilliant, a few who look like the witch of Endor, some market people carrying their wares, a highway bridge over the track, a strange-looking hotel with a high wall, a sparsely inhabited street, lined with cocoanut trees on the outskirts of the place, and some bathers in the Tehuantepec River are all that you see of this town of 10,000 inhabitants, as you pass westward.

I spent a night at Tehuantepec on the way back from Salina Cruz, at a hotel whose proprietor, in the good English of an intelligent Jamaican negro, declared himself an "honest thief," and who justified the adjective in all his dealing with me. I would not advise, and he would not advise, ladies of fastidious requirements to put up at his house, nor in his town. Yet if they could ignore

whatever did not look good to them they might, I think, not fare badly in any respect. They should find their rooms only at the hour of retiring, and plan to leave them without scrutiny immediately when awakened.

I walked about in the evening and early morning; talked for hours with an old prospector who has lived among the Indians in their villages; inquired afterward about the place and its people of officials, American and Mexican; read what the books say about it; and found that although a month would be needed for even such study as a casual, non-professional visitor would be prompted to undertake, the impressions and ideas that I was able to gather had the advantage of being reasonably clear and consistent.

The Tehuanas live very much in their own way. No intimate, everyday influence came to bear on their conservatism till the railroad was completed in 1907, if even that has brought any such influence to bear. Of course I speak of the native Indians, not officials or other Mexicans from elsewhere, who are as alien as the American himself. They are not imitative of foreigners. Their adobe houses vary in size and costliness, many being

only of two rooms, some being quite extensive; and the furnishings differ accordingly. Their dress, even if they have means to buy costly materials, adheres to their own style, which is simple in cut but often elaborate in trimming, vivid in color, harmonious with their physiognomy and bearing, graceful in effect, and altogether of an Oriental suggestion. A young woman of such beauty, symmetry, and carriage that she might pose for Cleopatra is as little conscious of bare feet and ankles as though she lived in Cleopatra's Egypt. If a triangle of meerschaum-color shows on either side above the waistband of her red skirt, it is a thing of habit and she thinks nothing of it. Clothing, for the most part, is to her like the silk scarf that she carries over one wrist, as inseparable as the Japanese girl's fan, or like the necklace of gold coins that she wears—it is for adornment. Concealment of person is no more essential to her than to Eve after the first accession of modesty; but of the little requirement in this respect she is never forgetful. Her modesty is as real and her sense of decorum as definite as that of the civilized and sophisticated American or European.

Her neatness, cleanliness, and fitness of personal ornament are such as to give one a pang when the inevitable result of outside influence is thought of.

Morality is a thing that strangers may easily misapprehend. The morals of these people are somewhat primitive, but not degraded, if the two words are in any danger of being confused. Some will understand if it be said that there is a good deal of unmorality but very little downright immorality —very little wantonness. I have heard coarse men and men of careless speech declare admiration and respect for the women of Tehuantepec.

Two Tehuana girls are employed as servants by a cultured American woman in another town. They are honest, and she trusts a good deal to them. They are also confiding. They do all the rough, domestic work of her house. They are as quiet-mannered as any guest that she entertains. Their scant garments are as clean as she could wish her own to be. She says that they not only bathe, but wash their abundant black hair every day. They would no more put on shoes than she would put a ring in her nose; but they have

pretty sandals to wear when so inclined. Each wears at her daily work a necklace worth from a hundred to two hundred dollars and carries the inevitable scarf. Each has a more costly necklace for festal occasions. Their straight, tapering, and daintily kept fingers show no signs of toil, their slender wrists are not thickened by the wringing of clothes; they seem immune to the effects that we usually think inseparable from labor. And how long will they keep their youth? Well, they mature early; but the Tehuana matron is also a creature of dignity, keeps her pride, and has a look of character. The average of good looks in Tehuantepec is doubtless greater than anywhere else in Mexico, and the average in Mexico, to any one of catholic taste, is distinctly greater than among the people that most foreign observers left at home. Colors and contours to delight an artist are everywhere; though the wretchedly poor, the aged, the lame, the halt, and the blind may show as hideous marks of social injustice here as elsewhere, and there are as many of them in Mexico as in any fruitful land under the sun.

Of men who appear to be of the same

stock as these women of Tehuantepec there are few enough to confirm the legend as to how they were decimated. There are few enough native men of any stock, though the old haughty exclusiveness is breaking down of late. Such men as one does see at all identified with the population are markedly inferior to the women. So the matriarchate which has been the rule for a generation will doubtless prevail for at least one generation more in this city of women.

Have the men of the mountains, like the men of the valley settlements hereabouts, been exterminated? By no means in the same degree. My prospector friend told me of places where a camera and tripod, if mistaken for a surveyor's instrument, may bring a fusillade on its luckless possessor, and where the authority of the central Mexican government is not recognized, but where the people are reasonably friendly if they can be assured as to one's designs. There is tungsten in some of the high mountains, a good deal of coal, and unestimated stores of silver, iron, and other metals, the opening of which might have been hastened but for the somewhat deterrent attitude of the mountaineers.

Yet these people, less known than the Yaquis of Sonora and regarded as equally warlike, may prove as little opposed to progress on equitable terms as many fair writers believe the Yaquis to have been. They do not trust the powers that be; and to obtain and deserve their confidence would be one of the duties of a progressive, enlightened government.

The most conscious object of a trip south from Vera Cruz is usually to inspect the remarkable railroad and two splendid harbors which, at a cost of about $65,000,000, have established a freight route between the Pacific and the Atlantic shorter by four days and nearer by 1250 miles than that through the Panama Canal. This is a sufficient object in itself. But, after all, one ought seldom to travel with a single purpose. It would be like throwing away the by-products of the cotton industry. We are on our way to gaze at the artificial harbor, the dry dock which is the largest on the Pacific coast, the modern electric cranes for handling freight, the cars of special type for receiving their loads, the special oil-burning engines, the special swamp road construction, the devices for spraying hot chemicals to kill the almost irrepressible

vegetation, and the other means, anachronistic in this land of supposed inaction, through which the uses of our heralded canal, save the passing of war vessels, have been anticipated by a decade. Yet we will not reproach ourselves for having paused over old, forgotten, far-off things. The decade or so will pass, the great canal will be finished, both routes may find use beyond their capacity and we shall see engineering feats to transcend them both; but we shall never, later, be able to muse a day in the Tehuantepec that now charms and baffles us. I had the privilege of visiting one of the harbors and rowing about the jetties in the company of an American army engineer whose name is familiar to most readers, and he was as much interested as professionally he should be. Yet he betrayed more interest in a primitive Isthmian ox-cart than in any appliance that we saw—a cart entirely innocent of tire, bolt, nail, buckle, or other scrap of metal; hewn out of wood by rude implements; fastened together by wooden pins and by thongs; a perfect, unperverted example of its type, within a stone's throw of so much foreign innovation.

Salina Cruz is not a Mexican town and as

a town deserves little attention. A courteous American consul and an admirable hotel conducted by a refined American woman from Kentucky or Texas or somewhere, figure in the traveler's note-book as next in importance to the harbor works. A day is sufficient, and next morning one starts up the slope again toward the other terminus of the road. Long before noon the height of land is reached. This time the jungle is experienced in daylight, and over such distance that its character may be felt. Palm trees, banana plants, trees that might belong to some species familiar at home for all that the eye could tell, undergrowth, tangles of vines, mosses, flags, and lily pads make altogether a variety and excess that is inconceivable. Many of the trees bear flowers of showy hues, many of the vines that climb up to the highest branches are masses of red and purple, orchids fasten themselves upon every crevice, and so the vividness and variety of color become almost as great a marvel as the rank prodigality of growth. If you could penetrate a little into the forest, it would be still more illuminated by the brilliancy of birds whose kinds are listed by hundreds in books. You catch occa-

sional glimpses of movement; but unless it be a blackbird you could rarely make out the cause. It might be a parrot, an oriole, or a jay, all of which are so numerous that a census has never been taken, though being a little less impudent than the blackbirds they are more difficult to observe. As for the sounds, they are myriad and unending. Insects, frogs, perhaps monkeys, and no doubt scores of creatures that you never heard before mingle their cries in a babel that neither the guide-book nor your well-informed neighbor can help you to analyze.

To calculating discernment all this is a challenge. Mahogany trees, five or six feet thick, dye woods and medicinal plants, luscious fruits and excellent oils are here in the jungle. Here is fertility to yield the food of millions, here are riches to reward the labor, the enterprise, and the prophetic vision of many a bold spirit. The instinctive feeling, however, is not unmixed with something like horror. One sees a riot of soft but malignant forms, of silent but powerful and malign forces. Our fine ecstasies about virgin Nature were mostly written in temperate or semi-arid places where Nature is self-dis-

ciplined. Here is no exclusive survival of the fittest but an indiscriminate and revolting survival of everything that mere fecundity can engender and fatten. Individuality, character, symbolism, as we ascribe them to outdoor objects at home, are foreign to this mass of vegetables. Here are no tongues in trees, nor books in the running brooks. The axe and the bush hook one thinks of without dismay. It only seems that axe and bush hook could make little impression. "Railroaders" take dynamite to any ironwood trees in their path. A good conservationist at home, I caught myself drawing an eager breath on seeing a little forest fire, then settling back in quick disappointment at the certainty that the fire could not spread much. Every clearing around a native hut becomes as welcome as an oasis in a desert, and when you finally emerge at Juile into broad fields where cattle graze in numbers, they are as beautiful as asphodel meadows to a returned traveler from the Shades.

It will be night again when Coatzacoalcos, or Puerto Mexico by its new name, is reached. Another night in another hotel conducted by an American and owned by

"the Pearsons," another day in surveying a harbor and its equipment, less remarkable here than at Salina Cruz because the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River offered some natural advantage, another impression of a town that is neither Mexican nor American nor English nor a composite of its discoverable elements, and in which women seem to be as scarce as in Tehuantepec they are supernumerary, and you have completed your Isthmian observation, you think.

One hundred and fifty miles farther down the Isthmus toward Yucatan and Central America, at Frontera, still another artificial harbor is projected, this time by dredging a canal from the Grijalva River near its mouth to a quiet bay a mile distant. But we shall not visit Frontera.

Cortez foresaw that across this narrow separation between the two oceans, where the mountain range breaks down low, would pass a great highway for the world's trade. He so wrote of it. Humboldt called it "the bridge of the world's commerce." As early as 1774 a Spanish engineer declared his belief in the feasibility of the canal idea. About the middle of the nineteenth century, those

opportunists, the '49-ers, on their way to California gold fields, without waiting for canal or railroad, went across by scores, the Spaniards having long before built a coach road from one ocean to the other. An old stage driver who took many of the miners over was still living, I was told, in 1905. The American gold coins in the necklace of a Tehuana belle, if they do not date back to the '50's, may represent a preference that grew up then. An American engineer named Eads once had a concession from the Mexican government to construct a "ship railway," whatever that may have meant, but could not raise capital for it. It was a British firm, S. Pearson and Son, builders of the harbors at Vera Cruz, Salina Cruz, Coatzacoalcos, and elsewhere, who finally constructed the railroad, the government at first paying a fixed sum for each unit of work but afterward entering into a joint partnership with the Pearsons, which is to hold till 1953. Sir Weetman Pearson, president of the company, is now planning to build a railroad from Mexico City to Puebla, reaching snow line on Popocatepetl at 14,000 feet and with a branch to the peak about 4000 feet higher. It will

enable one to go from Mexico City to the peak of "Popo" in two hours, leaving balmy air and a temperature generally of 75 to 80 degrees and reaching one often as low as 20 degrees below zero. Americans are not the only bold projectors. Americans, however, have not ceased to be prominent in the Tehuantepec region. There are abandoned plantations and abandoned home sites well distributed along both the Isthmian railroad proper and the *Vera Cruz al Istmo* route, which represent the utterly foolish investment of American money, generally brought about by ignorant and unscrupulous American promotion. I could learn, for example, of only one rubber plantation in which stock has been offered for sale that has a prospect of even moderate returns; and my informants ascribed this exception more to luck than to competence of the prime movers, who were inexperienced. Many plantations and private "home sites" not yet abandoned ought to be and will be. Every one at Santa Lucrecia treated the matter either as a huge joke or as a great pity. Missionaries in Mexico City afterward told me of helping families to pay their way back home, and urged that some

general warning be given. The objection to any general warning is that there are possibilities in the region for the right type of settler acting under the right advice. The American Consul-General, when appealed to, said in effect that he had often had these matters brought to his attention, but any consular officer is powerless to help, as the State Department does not authorize our representatives to offer opinions regarding particular business undertakings. From a source of the highest competence I obtained this advice: "Refer people through their banks to Dun's and Bradstreet's, but let them say that they are interested only incidentally in the financial rating of the agents or promoters in the United States. What they need is a thorough special report on the conditions of the plantation or other enterprise itself." One of the most absurd things is the way in which inexperienced persons make a tour under the conduct of some agent, as a party were doing in our train, and flatter themselves that they have investigated. They take for rubber plants a kind of glassy-leaved tree that is as worthless as mullein stalks. They miscalculate the healthfulness of climate, the number

of years necessary to raise a crop, the cost and availability of labor, the time involved in transporting perishable fruits—any one of a dozen factors that are vital.

Making any of these blunders, a man is likely to profit little by the general fact that Mexico as a whole yields annually two hundred million dollars' worth of farm products and that scarcely a hundredth part of her arable land is yet under cultivation. Some day vast regions in northern Mexico will be irrigated and reclaimed as California, Colorado, Texas, and Nevada so largely have been; but during the process many a too incautious person may lose all he has. The right Americans to invest in Mexican enterprises are either those who are prepared for wild speculative chances or those who know what they are about.

Your Isthmian impressions are after all not quite finished, for as you climb the gradual slope in the evening train, lights will glimmer with lowly human kindness from behind screens that in daytime your vision did not penetrate, and will mean something domestic, something that is comfortable to think about. After all, men do live here where only reptiles

might be thought to have a place, and somehow they shape life to its environment. The environment will yield also to them, and who knows of what they may be the forerunners? You can grapple with the thought of the jungle better now in the soothing dark, and to-morrow you will not regard it with your first abhorrence. You will again see it pregnant with great values for time to come.

VII

OAXACA

STILL back over your course as far as Santa Lucrecia, then north, that is parallel to the coast, which is to say west, two hundred miles to Cordova, and again you touch the route that you might have taken at once from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. But still you are not ready to follow it. You are bound for the city of Oaxaca, the capital of the state in which you have been for several days, and then to Mitla, the place of ruins. At one time you were within seventy-five miles if you could have struck across country; but the trail would have led through formidable mountains, where the Indians are of uncertain temper toward strangers, and you could have saved nothing in time, nor in money after guide and mules were paid for. So you make this circuit of more than four hundred miles over three railroads, through two states besides the one that you have left and into which you will return.

A night in Tehuacan, whose bottled water has made you familiar with the name in advance, will give you a taste of perfect climate and a view of Mexicans at a health resort. The hotel has decorations that would cost more in New York than the whole establishment is worth. You walk out into the country about sundown and see women washing clothes but find no evidence that their own, or they themselves, were ever washed. The swift streams rush along with water enough to cleanse a multitude, through the clean, hard banks that they have lined with their calcium deposit; but people and houses look as if the water had brought none of its ministries to them. Is this merely one of the unaccountable variations of custom, or partly explained by the disheartening amount of dust that flies about, so that cleanness would be but a momentary state at best? I remember speculating about this at El Riego, a mile or so out; I remember as I returned seeing two soldiers, one reading to the other, under a palmetto tree; I remember the mountains at sunset; and I remember the heavy, fragrant white flower that dropped on the pavement under my window at night with a sound like that of a

banana peel. So much I remember of Tehuacan.

Oaxaca has 40,000 inhabitants, which is to say that it is as large as the old Massachusetts town of Salem. It is older by a hundred and forty years—older than St. Augustine by more than three-quarters of a century. It has been the scene of many battles, from when the Mixtec and Zapotec Indians made stand after stand against Cortez, the future Marquis of Oaxaca, to the times of Hidalgo, Juarez, and their successors. Such opposition did the Spaniards encounter here on their first visit that they withdrew till a year later, in 1522, when Montezuma had fallen and his capital, Tenochtitlan, was in their hands. Then they subdued the place by the aid of great numbers of native allies. The inhabitants of the region were largely an agricultural people, though the city itself had grown important because of the presence of gold in rich deposits. It was on account of the gold that Cortez chose this as the seat of his domain and had himself created Marquis of Oaxaca by the Spanish crown. As for the gold, the *conquistadores* were not wholly disappointed, though their dreams were beyond

realization. As to the people, while the city has always remained a stronghold of Romanism and often of political reaction, it has also been a center of political agitation whenever any new impulse was astir anywhere in the country. Even to-day there are Indians coming in to sell their wares at the Oaxaca market who have never acknowledged the authority of a foreign ruler.

The cochineal industry originated here and spread hence to Central America, then to the Canary Islands and elsewhere. The Indians of Oaxaca had used the brilliant and permanent scarlet dye to color their *sarapes,* probably for centuries, without discovering that they were indebted to a minute insect which feeds on certain species of cactus. They thought that they were baking or boiling a natural product of the plant itself. However, they were perfectly familiar with its virtues, as they were with those of many of the native dye woods. Here are still to be bought the best Indian blankets in the republic, of either wool or cotton, dyed with vegetable colors, though one needs to guard against aniline and other delusions. The Oaxaca market, be it here said, is as charac-

teristic as any in Mexico; and as becomes the market in one of the best Roman Catholic towns of a Spanish country, it is at its liveliest on Sunday.

Oaxaca nestles, as do many cities of the Mexican plateau, among mountains that give a noble frame and background to every picture. There is no vista without a church dome; and churches and houses alike have an appearance not only of age but of permanence that is satisfying. The houses are all made of the heaviest construction to survive earthquakes. I saw one of adobe that has been standing since 1660. Solidity is the keynote, in aqueducts, houses, churches, everywhere. The ancient-looking ox carts with their ponderous wooden wheels, and the rough cobbled pavements over which they move so lazily all express it. The native men and women are types of it. One has difficulty to conceive that anything at Oaxaca ever changed. The climate never does—it is almost perfectly equable, and thoroughly delightful.

There is an amazingly rich old church, Santo Domingo, once larger with its accessory buildings than St. Peter's at Rome, where young Porfirio Diaz dangled down upon a

rope to the window of his former teacher's prison cell—one of many exploits in the career of this daring and resourceful man. He, like Juarez, was a native of the city.

As striking as any architectural feature are the massive and extensive *portales,* which face the Zocalo and, with the cathedral, give satisfying dignity to it. They harbor, within doors and without, the busiest mercantile activities of the city, and make part of a picture which could not seem much more remote than it does from any twentieth-century part of the world. Having left my hat in one of the shops to be cleaned after a dusty ride, I ventured bareheaded among the venders, public letter-writers, idlers, and passers-by, in search of a boot-black. When I found him, his first impudent, astonishing words were: "Where's your hat, Mister? You'd better look out or they'll arrest you and send you into the army." I told him they'd have to send me into the American army, and asked where he had learned my language so well. It developed that he had beaten his way to New York a year or two before and had spent several months there in the "shine" business. He was about fifteen years old.

The cathedral stands where the Zocalo and the Alameda, both rectangles, touch at a corner, so that it has beautifully shaded park both in front and on one side and is itself the central figure of the whole scheme. It has at least one delightful aspect, that of the façade from the plaza opposite. Particularly in the evening, this view is one of melting loveliness. The soft creamy or greenish hues of a native stone, the somewhat decayed surfaces, the angles softened by wear, are all more beautiful than they can have been when the builders left them, though the front must always have been one of singular beauty. Within are two or three noted paintings by native artists; but often I have not found Mexican churches favorable places for looking at pictures, and this cathedral with its warm tones and gentle outlines is a sweeter picture than any that it houses.

On one of the high, surrounding hills, what appear from the hotel windows to be several natural mounds are in fact part of the ruins of Monte Alban, to be reached by three hours' horseback ride and worthy of a visit by any one of antiquarian interests. They may be older than the ruins of Yucatan and are cer-

tainly much older than those of Mitla, which nearly every visitor to the region sees. They are also more accessible.

An excursion that is recommended, though I never went so far, is one eastward beyond Mitla to the summit of Zempoaltepec, about 12,000 feet high. The panorama of mountains, forests, tropic lands, and opposite oceans—the Gulf of Mexico on the east and the Pacific on the west—is said not to be equaled from many points in the world. While lamenting that we cannot go out for the ascent, we may stretch our thoughts to it from having been so breathlessly near going. Another time, perhaps!

VIII

TO MITLA AND BACK

MITLA, about twenty-five miles from Oaxaca, is the most famous place of ruins in all Mexico. Soon it will be reached by railroad; but I am glad that for me it was still necessary to take a coach. Three horses were driven abreast and a change was made at Tlacolula. There I saw the ceremony of hand-kissing performed with as much gravity between friends on the street as though each withered and ragged crone were a duchess. It was always the older person that was thus reverenced by the younger. At Tlacolula, too, I entered an old church where the guide-book said nothing was of interest, and did, it is true, find the interior being done over in lurid vulgarity and furnished with images, the hideous crudity of which seems blasphemous to a heretic eye; but I found also some old pictures, the canvas breaking through but the colors as rich as when the brush left them, and the whole effulgent still

with the light that never was on sea or land. It is not worth while to ask the name of the artist, he was a native and a copyist—all artists are copyists—and there have been many like him in Mexico; but he belonged to the school of those who mix more than "brains" with their colors—who mix in tears and ecstasy, who, seeing the invisible, have the art to make some hint of it appear.

At another little village, sooner reached than Tlacolula, in fact, is one of the largest and oldest trees on earth. A new lettuce is no fresher than the big cypress tree of Tule, with its girth of 160 feet, and its height, relatively small, of 160 to 175 feet. Cortez rested under it and so wondered at its vastness that he made record of it. Humboldt, as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, carved a legend to distinguish it, and it has grown calmly on till this decoration is nearly embedded. There are other great trees of the same species near; but none approaches this in size.

Every lane in Tule is hedged in with the organ cactus which stands like elongated prickly cucumbers on end, giving a strange aspect to the irregular streets. The houses

are thatched and surrounded by fruit trees and flowering plants. The inhabitants, long accustomed to watch the stranger go by, have never adopted his ways. A woman clothed only from her waist down disappeared on our approach, but not in confusion. Children did not disappear at all, but stood unashamed, asking for *centavos*. Men working over their sandals or their wooden plows hardly lifted a glance. From within the bamboo huts came the spatting sound with which Indian wives have always beaten their corn paste between their hands into thin cakes for cooking. While *tortillas* are now made in the larger towns by machinery, yet this immemorial patter announces dinner time to-day in every Mexican village.

The road from Oaxaca to Mitla is wide enough for four coaches to drive abreast. It might remind one of Charles Lamb's remark about a certain man's taste—so much of it and all so bad! Along it go in procession the centuries from Homer's day to that of Sancho Panza, but never anything of later style, except the occasional tourist from foreign lands who recognizes in himself a thing forced, unnatural, grotesque. He passes like a comet

through serene skies, save that he must pass in a borrowed vehicle; and serenity will return when he is gone. The crooked stick that served for a plow in Egypt and India will move along in its furrow, the oxen trudging before it; the carts will creak along the highway; the donkeys with skin bottles puffing on either side will patter on; and the blue sky will arch over them all, unruffled.

An *hacienda* with its old house covering an acre, the walls four feet thick, is the refuge and headquarters of tired and dusty aliens in Mitla. The world is all within the court you enter. Grated windows, doors three inches through, locks that some blacksmith made in 1690 or thereabouts—everything in the place has been quieted by the caress of age. But travel out through the rather squalid village to the monuments you have come to see, and again you are reminded that age is relative. Not so old as Uxmal with its strange animal figures, not so old as Monte Alban with its picture writing, capable now of being repaired for centuries of their original use if any one knew and cared to perpetuate it, yet old enough to be stripped of history and free from ascriptions of origin, these ruins are a contra-

diction and an astonishment. They are not moss-grown, for moss does not grow here. Trees and shrubs have not veiled and claimed them again to an identity with nature, for only the cactus is at home on these plains and slopes. Storm and earthquake have won no compromise of their erectness and rectilinear power, for they were built to defy storm and earthquake. Even the character of their decoration is such as to set them farthest from any hint of natural objects—not only is it geometric as distinguished from the representation of plants and animal forms, but its designs are worked out in straight lines. If ever architecture spoke, these massive halls upon the high ground of Mitla speak for their builders, "Behold we were men, and this work was our work, not a thing of chance or growth; and this our work was greatly done, done after a fashion of our devising, done to remain." It is estimated that a million tiles, or more properly flat stones, went into the walls of Mitla thus far uncovered. They constitute a mosaic that differs from the ordinary because the stones are set on edge, and by their inequalities of width, projecting one beyond another, form the design in relief. Door-

ways are not arched—a curved arch, even if they knew it, would ill have fitted the style of these builders; but great stones from fifteen to eighteen feet long, five feet wide, and four feet thick were placed as lintels and then the same deep intricate design was unflinchingly carved upon them. The walls were so well laid, for the most part without mortar, that each stone is perfectly firm in its original place and only curious examination discovers, even to-day, where carving leaves off and mosaic begins.

There are several great halls, one called the hall of monoliths, where are six columns of porphyry, fourteen feet high and about seven in circumference, having neither capital nor pedestal but tapered and rounded toward the top in a way that shows artistic thought, and is as much a departure from straightness as this peculiar style would warrant.

A little of the colored decoration that remains where pious Roman priests formerly stabled their horses, shows, strangely enough, grotesque heads. The heads give to some the impression of being grotesque not because of incapacity to make them otherwise but from conscious design.

The ruins of Mitla are large enough to be those of a city, yet are not those of a city. They may have been related to one as the old castle to its village, or they may have been only temples or tombs. Whatever the purpose for which they were built, the men who built them in their geometric perfection must have done much else that would be worthy of attention if known. To have looked at their handiwork is to have faced the riddle of the ages.

Leave Mitla, imagine your way retraced to where you left the axis between Vera Cruz and Mexico, and proceed at last toward the capital. Orizaba is the first considerable town, girt around with high mountains, well wooded. A coffee center and the capital of the cotton-weaving industry in Mexico, it is best remembered merely as a beautiful hill town, the first up from Vera Cruz in which fever is practically unknown, the natural first station on the journey upward. Here the European allies in 1862 by consent of Juarez made their first headquarters.

Up from Orizaba, with its altitude of 4000 feet, round the famous Maltrata curve, still winding steeply up, never down, at every vil-

lage buying fruit and baskets of intoxicatingly fragrant gardenias from women and girls as dark and comely as Ruth or Rebecca, and at a distance of 173 kilometers (110 miles) from Vera Cruz we shall find ourselves on the level of the great plateau. As we turn again and again up the incline, villages and farms spread like little gardens far below us; and all has a look quite different from that in the jungle, of having been long subdued to human use. Every path has been beaten for centuries by the sandaled or naked feet of men and women not belonging to our race, but seeming far nearer kin to us now as we look thus upon their homes and haunts than we had ever before felt them. We find ourselves in a critical state of mind, not toward the primitive life that has been lived here, but toward our own. It seems a pity that, while learning a few things of undoubted advantage, we should have learned so many tending only to complication and unnaturalness.

As the elevation increases and the air grows colder, the Mexican blanket is more and more in evidence. The statuesque gives way to the picturesque, and the beauty and grace of

nature little trammeled or adorned to the dignity and the humor of umber figures bedecked in high colors and draped with the pride of grandees.

On across the plain, all afternoon, passing the great prehistoric pyramids of the sun and moon at San Juan Teotihuacan, which I have seen many a time from car windows, and think of as old friends though I never stopped to visit them, and so at evening we shall arrive at Mexico City, a little giddy from the altitude, it may be, a little bewildered by kaleidoscopic changes, but with a feeling of enrichment from the experiences of the day.

IX

MEXICO CITY

THE mingled sounds of hoofs upon asphalt, of street cars, of automobiles demanding the right of way, and of many human feet and voices, the downward swoop of an elevator, and then the smell of "coffee and cut roses" triumphing over that of fresh ink on your newspaper—all these that you experience at the beginning of your first day in Mexico City do not give any overwhelming sense of being swung out into far places or of being projected backward into the sixteenth century. This Mexican *Herald* has telegraphic columns as long as those of the "daily" at home and editorials written in English as familiar.

Though it may have been two or three weeks since you landed in Vera Cruz, probably the tall American with the long nose or some equally remembered fellow-passenger will be sitting within reach of a nod; and

there will be also some of last night's "arrivals" who will tell you, if you ask, that they were just four days coming from Buffalo or three from St. Louis, with Pullman and dining car service all the way. This is rather startling but is only a prophecy of what will soon be accomplished as far as Guatemala and beyond. Already tolerable trains run from Gamboa on the Tehuantepec line, southward to the Guatemalan border. The Pan-American system which was the dream of James G. Blaine will be in operation, possibly within fifteen years, from New York to the great ports of South America.

You are at an American hotel. If you were a German or a Frenchman you would be at a German or a French hotel and would find things as little foreign to you as everything here seems to American observation. You would still be reading your newspaper in English, it is likely, but for Germans and Frenchmen in Mexico English ceases to be a strange tongue. In short, you are in a cosmopolitan city. The American population alone is estimated at 7000. Then there are the English and the English-speaking Germans and French alluded to just now, and it would be

hard to say how many English-speaking Mexicans. On the principal business streets and in business hours English is heard more than Spanish, and more than any other language whatsoever, though *man spricht Deutsch* and *parle Français* also with such frequency as to denote that other than American enterprise is at work.

No city is the center of the United States as Mexico City is that of the Mexican republic; it is metropolis, political and financial capital, chief seat of learning, publishing center, travel center, and heart of the nation in almost every organic way that can be thought of. Every one who lives or even winters in the republic comes to "the City" from time to time. Paradoxically enough, it is one of the least Mexican of all places in Mexico. It is no place in which to make any detailed first-hand study of character and conditions. One may, however, do much generalizing here, and profit much by the knowledge and observation of others.

London and New York, cosmopolitan as they are, have each their marks of nationality, so that a traveler awaking in one would hardly fancy himself in the other. There are so

many Germans, Frenchmen, and Americans in London, all wearing clothes conformed to a world pattern, and so many Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen in New York, all similarly conformed, that an off-hand analysis of the human stream on a busy thoroughfare might give no clue; but there are always signs at hand. The hackman in New York is a different figure from the London "cabby," the policeman on Fifth Avenue and the "bobby" on Pall Mall do not look alike, the New York "sky-scraper" may be suggested by individual buildings elsewhere but is dominant in the view of no city outside of the United States. Similarly, in Mexico City, everything official, or institutional, or architectural, is Mexican on its face. South America, Spain, Palestine, would show likenesses; but I am indicating that cosmopolitan appearance and international resemblance dissolve under close examination. There are taxicabs; but if a taxicab from Mexico City, driver and all, could pass through New York, it would be gazed at, even in that blasé metropolis, from Battery Park to Harlem. The street cars are of a familiar enough model, built in the United States. It is one of the

first facts learned that, if not under American control, they are under English, and so equally far from promising any Mexican aspect. But the motorman and the conductor who comes to take your *seis centavos* (three American cents) have quite other than Anglo-Saxon earmarks. The "running stock" of the road, for that matter, would reveal some variations if watched long enough, for example—one of the relatively swift things in Mexico—an electric hearse, that is a flat car, with a black canopy designed for funeral purposes mounted upon it. Such a car will be followed by passenger coaches as many as the size of the funeral requires. But I had intended no description here—only an entry in our catalogue of things distinctive. Policemen and letter carriers, and, in spite of their German uniform, soldiers also, are as Latin-American as careful selection could have made them if such had been applied. The American stores as well as the shops with American clerks, and those with polyglot French and German managers or clerks, or with "American" speaking Mexican clerks, are non-committal enough in a casual view of their stock, barring, of course, souvenir photographs and

curios; but look up at almost any of the buildings in which they are housed and you will know that you are not in the neighborhood of John Wanamaker's or Marshall Field's emporium.

Even between the crowds in one national metropolis and in another the likeness is always superficial and confined to certain quarters. Intermingled with "citizens of the world" who almost constitute an international type of themselves, and with foreign people of business, there are always the clearly indigenous, those who in the nature of things would not be where they do not belong. One knows them instantly to be the rightful inhabitants; and nowhere are they more strongly marked than in Mexico, with the sandals, the cotton suit of two garments for man or woman, the gaudy blanket, the wide hat or the *rebozo*. They appear as free from self-consciousness and go as calmly about their affairs in Mexico City as in Tehuacan. I once saw two imperturbable Aztecs in native costume drive a flock of a hundred or more turkeys along San Francisco, the most bustling street of the capital, using a strip of cloth on the end of a stick to direct their

feathered charges, and apparently unconscious of the varied world around them. One turkey was holding up an injured and bleeding foot that had been run over by some car or cart, but otherwise things appeared to be moving admirably.

Among the well-to-do one can find the native types by noticing who go in and out at old houses of settled character, apart from the business district. A frame building is almost unknown, by reason of which the fire loss is practically nothing, though companies of "pumpers," that is firemen, are prudently maintained. The prevailing style of house in Mexico City, as elsewhere in the republic, is the hollow square, built of stone or of either brick or adobe stuccoed over, with a tunnel through the lower story from the street to the inner hollow. In other words, it is the Spanish plan, Oriental before it was Spanish, of a flat, tile-roofed house of two or three stories built around an open court or *patio,* fronting directly on the street and with no outside ornament except the window balconies, the heavy gratings, and sometimes elaborate carving or other adornment on the wooden doors. The outside walls, if stuccoed, may be tinted

variously; and if the occupants have bad taste the effect may be almost as dreadful as they would achieve upon a clapboard mansion in Illinois. There is no lawn, either in front, where space would permit none, or in the court, which as often as not is paved throughout. This court, however, is usually made beautiful by a profusion of plants and flowers, occasionally by statuary and fountains. There are not only the ponderous doors at the entrance from the street, but grilles at the farther end of what for convenience we have called the tunnel; and the glimpse of the *patio* that one gets, pleasing as a rule even without their enchantment, acquires from these iron gratings an added charm of half concealment such as a lady's face may borrow from a veil. The entrance is wide enough to admit a coach and pair, with purpose, too, for the family coach does actually enter. The "carriage house," as we should say, and the stables as well, are commonly parts of the house itself. They occupy a corner of the lower story, toward the back, the servants' quarters occupying the front part of this same story. It is true, in a very large house, stables may be built on a sec-

ond court behind that of the house itself, reached by a second "tunnel" at the back. The *portero,* or doorkeeper, is an important functionary who, with his family, occupies a room, not necessarily blessed with any furniture, near the door, answers every summons on the knocker or bell by day, locks the doors about ten o'clock at night, and expects a fee if called from his straw mat after hours to admit any belated resident or visitor. The family live on the second story, where a "corridor" or balcony runs completely around, reached by a stairway from the lower court. Here, again, there are flowers and foliage plants in pots and boxes. This upper veranda is a pleasant place, usually affording a sunny side if one is chilly or a shady side if the weather seems too warm.

So much we may learn without intrusion or undue asking of questions if no introduction actually admits us to a house. The people who go in and out of these spacious dwellings, each of them making as separate an atmosphere for itself as a cloistered monastery, are the leisurely, graceful, and dark-skinned dons and ladies that we should expect.

When we left hotels, restaurants, and shops behind, we left most of our American and other foreign friends. The foreigners, to be sure, do not all live in hotels. There is a highly uninteresting colony where various attempts have been made to transplant American styles of houses or to compromise between these and the established type. Then there are hundreds of families that either own or hire houses of the Mexican plan, or live in *viviendas* (apartments) as they find them. If we stroll by accident into any quarter that has been thus invaded, however, we shall soon recognize it, and can betake ourselves elsewhere for observation.

X

SIGHT-SEEING AT THE CAPITAL

FOR much that we desire we may make the parks our stalking ground. The Zocalo, as it is called, is the real center of Mexico City, so far as grouping of interests is concerned. One writer has said that in no American city are the parks used in any such way as in Mexico. Washington is the nearest approach to it. A park is a lounging place for the idle hours, a promenade for the exhibition hours, and a forum for the most interesting talkative hours of genteel people, to say nothing of laborers and others with no dignity to maintain. The Zocalo is all this. Then, too, around it or within a few minutes' walk are the Cathedral, the Flower Market, the National Palace, the City Hall, the Museum, the National Academy of Arts (San Carlos), the National Pawn Shop, the Thieves' Market, and other objects of admiration or curiosity. All these might be seen between sun-

rise and sunset if there were not a somewhat troublesome schedule of open and closed days for some of them; and yet at almost any of them a week could easily be spent.

Before beginning our career we shall have learned the whereabouts of the Alameda, a more fashionable park, beyond which the axis of interest, so to speak, having run northwest from the Zocalo, bends to the southwest and runs on to a third park more famous than either, two and a half or three miles distant, at Chapultepec.

Time would fail us to do much more than check off as "seen and noted" the really interesting institutions already on our list. The Cathedral is the foremost church edifice in Mexico, perhaps in North America, cruciform in plan, with two towers that are both beautiful and unique, having domes shaped like the bells that they support. It occupies the site of the principal Aztec pyramid of the city and is built, historians say, on foundations made largely of Aztec carvings, which have been found and are still found in great numbers whenever excavations are made in the vicinity. The Cathedral is a massive structure of basalt and gray sandstone in the

Spanish Renaissance style, over 390 feet long by 180 broad, is known to have cost over two millions of dollars, and was ninety-four years in building. The decorations and treasures of the church, previous to the confiscation by Juarez's government, were almost fabulous, and even now it is rich in old wood carvings, paintings, and other such accessories as could not readily be converted into public funds. One painting is an undoubted Murillo, two or three others may be of the same or equally high origin, and a number by native painters are good. Mexican onyx in lavish quantities enriches the interior, but not to excess, for Mexican onyx is of soft rather than dazzling beauty, in appearance about equally resembling wax and marble. There are, as always in these churches, many accessory and temporary things which are gaudy, hideous, and altogether out of character, but the general effect is powerful enough to overcome their presence. Critics who compare it with the great churches of Europe regard the Cathedral as a beautiful and impressive structure, characterized on the whole by harmony and restraint.

The middle-class women and such of the

wealthy as frequent the place, with their *rebozos* or mantillas and black garments, are in keeping with the architecture, the aged and darkened carvings, the pictures, the gigantic vellum-bound books, the soft light of the candles, and the murmur of the chants. Indians from the rural districts in their bright native garb come and kneel to kiss in apparent rapture whatever presents itself as most sacred. Their understanding of the difference between the religion of their early ancestors and that which they profess is merely that a more glorious temple and a superior set of divinities, more realistically portrayed, have somehow displaced the old ones. "No matter," says the broad-minded and indifferent-minded dispenser of off-hand reflections, "for a half-hour they have been happy. Idolatry and superstition appear to be very comforting, exalting things." Indeed! Opium also is a comforting and exalting thing, at times and in certain effects; but to avail oneself of its nepenthe has not seemed favorable to personal progress or to bearing one's part in the common march forward. And how can we prove that progress is desirable? We do not try. Samuel John-

son was once asked, since the cultivated are not all happy and the ignorant not all miserable, how he would argue that knowledge and culture are desirable. He answered, in substance, that there is no person who has them and could be induced to part with them, and no person lacking them unless a fool, who fails to desire them. Progress commends itself directly to the sincere intelligence, and to any other it need not ask to be commended. For the definition and the proof of progress we have no time here. I have seen such *peones* as these emerging from ignorance and superstition to a sense of their own misery—not a very agreeable change, you say—but to a larger hope for their children, and to a sustaining belief in the dignity of their own souls which would neither unqualifiedly admit any reprobate or even decent fellow-mortal as vicar, nor longer think it right for any governor to hold them as beasts. I have seen them exemplify all the simple virtues that smart writers deny them, work and sacrifice for their new faith, and approach old age and death with a less fitful happiness than they could draw from myths and fables.

I speak not as the highly regenerate, not in

deference to so-called missionaries who find easy places in the balmy tropics and draw more money than they could command at home, not in apology for missionary secretaries who think the indolent, the languid, or the ill-prepared are fit enough to send out. But self-sacrificing, high-minded, gifted, and wise men and women have built their strength and their virtue into the Protestantism of Mexico with its hundred thousand adherents,* and its educated, heroic native pastors living on $25 to $40 a month; and any intelligent northern man of the white race who has lived in Mexico and permits them all to be called to naught is unfair. I have known Unitarians to contribute up to the full measure of their ability to Presbyterian work in Mexico because its value was manifest without analysis of doctrines. I have known American Roman Catholics to contribute for the work of a Methodist missionary because he was doing good. They did not consider that they were helping to proselyte anybody from Catholicism as they recognize it. Whether they would have been sanctioned by the Vatican I doubt; but they made a natural human response to things as they found them.

*Largely scattered during the Revolution.

American, English, and French Catholics visiting the country have repeatedly written that Mexican faith, so far as the rank and file of the people are concerned, is a dead faith. The Aztec religion was highly ceremonial. "The introduction of the Roman religion had no other effect," according to Humboldt, "than to substitute new ceremonies and symbols for the rites of a sanguinary worship." Catholicism as exemplified by the Spaniards was generally at its worst, and as propagated among the Indians it was emptiness unqualified. It has improved. I heard a priest, not an American nor a Frenchman but a young Spaniard from the Philippines, after sending a sick man away, with his proffered fee, to a physician, ask, "How can you Protestants consign these poor cattle to either Heaven or Hell? They have never been taught anything. Surely they will need some place of probation." Such honest and rational treatment as his will help. The Protestant influence will help; Catholicism has improved most where Protestantism has been most active. There are Mexican Catholic clergymen who admit this. A sermon or some discourse to the people in Spanish is now a very

common part of the service; formerly it was unusual. Another consideration is that the missionaries do not gather adherents solely or chiefly from attentive members of the Roman church, but very largely from the neglected and the unchurched. To suppose that all the Mexican people are already Christianized according to the tenets of Romanism is to make a blind assumption. Protestant missions are as legitimate and almost as sorely needed in Mexico as in India; and they entered only after urgent entreaty. There is a kind of reciprocity involved in whatever work may really overlap that of the Roman church, for when the establishment in Mexico was the richest in the world considerable money was sent to help weak and struggling Catholic churches in the United States.

So much of reflection, as we visit and leave the greatest religious edifice in Mexico, a city of churches in a land of churches. There are three hundred in the capital alone, some as beautiful and more aristocratic, though not so large nor so interesting as the Cathedral. The most popular one of all is the church on Guadalupe Hill, not in the city at all, properly speaking, but a little more than two miles

out to the northeast, in a line parallel with the shore of the gradually receding salt Lake Texcoco. Here, in 1531, when some effective sign was needed to turn the natives from their old religion, a miraculous lady appeared to Juan Diego, a poor villager. She was in fact the Virgin Mary; but the identity is not much emphasized. There are tens of thousands to whom the Lady of Guadalupe, or simply "Guadalupe," means more than all the other sacred beings in their category. Her likeness as she appeared in a luminous cloud was kindly left with Juan along with some magical roses on his mantle and is as familiar throughout Mexico as the national coat of arms. Why not, as she is the acknowledged patron saint? The chapel which is her shrine cost a million and a half dollars gold and contains precious things and sacred relics of great additional value, including the miraculous picture. This is the most frequented shrine in North America, not excepting Ste. Anne de Beaupré near Quebec. It is the source of marvelous cures for which the ignorant in thousands, and the less ignorant in scores, come hundreds of miles. On December 12th, the special day set apart in its honor, when the weary and wistful

devotees throng out by every means of conveyance, as well as on foot, different onlookers may have different feelings but scarcely any one can view the strange procession unmoved.

Let us return to the vicinity of the Zocalo. The simple and impressionable Indian was always a lover of flowers. He brought flowers as well as vegetables through the canals that led to this very spot—to the old city of Tenochtitlan on the shore of a lake now disappeared. He still knows how to tend them and to mass them in seductive array. The Flower Market of Mexico City in early morning is a place to go and see roses, poppies, and other flowers really abundant for once, and at prices, despite the tourist "bulling" of the market, that should make a New York florist feel highly compassionate, or very much ashamed. Sweet peas enough to fill a wash-bowl, spicy and fresh, may be had for a nickel. Nor do they become contemptible for their cheapness or their abundance, here in the hands of these romantic children of the sun.

The Thieves' Market is another place where variety is inconceivable, where beauty and precious values may be present though in am-

bush, and where romance, albeit of a different sort, may easily spin its web. Who wore these jewels before some enterprising thief at much risk claimed them for display here? Or what enterprising rogue had them made for the express purpose of barter with the "Gringo"? What hands lovingly caressed this old book, yellowed with years, and what deft fingers embroidered this gossamerlike shawl of silk? Were yonder little shoes taken ruthlessly from baby feet or did their owner outgrow them or perchance move to a country where none are ever needed? What happy and confident bride concealed her blushes and eager tears behind this veil? To what treasuries did this great hand-made and joyously elaborated key once give entrance? This little old painting with its wonderful amber varnish, cracked but luminous, over the glory of color—who painted his life into it? A place for fancies is the Thieves' Market. One of the most curious things that happens is not rare, namely, that some one who loses an article of value goes forthwith to the *Mercado del Volador* and makes it his own again for a tithe of what it first cost him.

The Pawn Shop, or "Mount of Piety," here

as everywhere under the sun, is a varied museum illustrating the separableness of improvident man from his belongings and those of his wife and children. But this pawn shop, at least in intent, is a beneficent institution. It is not managed in the interest of the pound of flesh. A rich man, in 1775, seeing how the common people were robbed by money lenders, gave a fund to endow a concern which should loan upon a given article something approaching its value, charge only a fair rate of interest, and make redemption of it as easy as possible. The national government recognized what appeared to be the merit of such a scheme and made an appropriation to extend it, not only in Mexico City, but elsewhere in the larger towns of the Republic. The "good loan shark," by the way, has just arrived in the United States, ushered in by the Russell Sage Foundation, one hundred and thirty odd years after it came into use in Mexico.

At the Academy of San Carlos and also at the National Museum are some of the worst paintings that can be imagined, and they are the first that a visitor is likely to see. Flesh tints, always constituting one of the crucial

tests in portrait or figure painting, were a new thing to be reckoned with when the skin of the Indian and the mixed breed was to be painted, and some of these dignitaries have the complexion of an old whetstone or of a white man who has survived a gunpowder explosion. When you have seen the best of the work here, however, you will have seen a triumph that for veracity may rank a little higher or a little lower than the successful treatment of the blonde or the near-blonde that we call brunette, but which for intrinsic beauty goes beyond comparison. It is not the color of a chestnut, nor of glowing varnish upon an old violin, it is not the color of gold bronze, it has no exact representation in ivory, nor in ancient vellum; but if a composite of all these could be made, one who has no technical knowledge of color and who avoids considering too severely may imagine that the result would be something like this. He knows, if he has seen Indians of the finer types, that whatever the ingredients of this color they have found them. The Mexican artists too have found them, and have found the counterfeit of life which makes their pictures speak and move.

A great deal of the riches in art that once abounded in Mexico was destroyed or taken away during the French usurpation, and some of it suffered during the civil wars. Yet there are old masterpieces here to repay the pilgrimage of an art lover from New York. Murillo, Zurbarán, Rubens, Titian, Guido Reni, Juan de Carreño, are all represented. It is not such importations, however, but the work of the early and the modern Mexican schools that will make the most striking impress on a visitor whose thought is full of Mexico. If any single picture ought to be specially mentioned it is perhaps that by Parra of Father Las Casas, the Père Marquette of Mexico, protecting the Indians. It is of heroic size, splendidly conceived and feelingly executed, belongs to the modern school, and is Mexican in subject, representing an incident in the conquest. As for the best piece, there is no best one among such a collection. Noble in quality, both when religious scenes are depicted and when original and distinctively Mexican subjects are treated, most impressive in number and spread of canvas, superbly hung and lighted, the pictures in the San Carlos gallery exalt and transport the visitor of average re-

sponsiveness as few arrays of paintings in the whole world, probably, will do. It is not the awe of venerable old pictures but the glory, the opulence, the vivid palpitating joy, loveliness, grief, courage of life which startles. It is intimate, though in type or incident we might describe it as romantic or strange. It fits into what one has tried to actualize when going up and down among the Mexicans. It fuses the ideal, the romantic, with the real of the sight-seeing of yesterday. Whether one should desire to see these pictures by Echave, Cabrera, Iberra, Obregon, Gutierrez, Ortega, and Felix Parra as early as possible, so as to carry their vision into one's observation, or whether it is better to have seen first with half-illumined eyes and matter-of-fact mind would be difficult to decide.

The National Museum has its collection of pictures, numerous and valuable, but of no such account as those of the National Academy of San Carlos. It has ethnological and geological and zoological exhibits; but it is for the Aztec and other antiquities of prehistoric Mexico that the museum will be most remembered. The archæological section can be seen and a very strong impression got of

it in a half-hour. For it has specimen after specimen of colossal-sized carving in porphyry and trachyte rock, the character of which will make itself felt at a glance. Is this the Western world? Are we sure we are not in a museum of Bible lands, and of lands that Xenophon and Cæsar described? Here are near cousins, surely, to the gods and demigods, demons and grotesqueries, of Egypt, India, Assyria. A wise scholar may tell us that this great figure of Chac Mol is nothing like a sphinx, that his head faces wrong, that his body is not that of a lion but of a man, etc., but we have seen a resemblance that will not be explained away. The professor may tell us that other figures do not resemble the squat Buddha. The professor knows too much. We see the resemblance. The professor has almost become brother to the monoliths, and he distinguishes them all according to their individual marks. It needs some one not of the family to take in resemblances at a flash. Such an outsider knows when he sees them, usually. There are Ethiopian types here, as unmistakable as a photograph of the stalwarts who helped Roosevelt weigh his dead lioness in Africa. There are faces that are Mongolian,

if we ever saw any such, and others that are Semitic. We who are not learned are sure as we stand here that the natives of pre-historic Mexico had more than one connection with the civilizations of the ancient East, if in fact they did not originate them. Asked which of the various theories as to origin we believe, we shall probably declare, "All of them." Nor shall we be without learned support in our conviction.

A stone calendar weighing twenty-four tons shows that the Aztec year had eighteen months of twenty days each, like that of the Egyptians, with an extra period of five days to complete the astronomical round, and in its proper time a leap year. This, and another huge cylinder believed to have been a sacrificial stone, are both admirably carved and of very hard material.

The National Palace, in part of which the Museum is housed, is both old and new, having been begun in 1692 and altered from time to time ever since; and it is a rather imposing structure.

At the southwest corner of the Zocalo is the ancient City Hall, "restored" for the Centennial Fête in September, 1910. Within its

confines regular meetings of the City Council have been held for 350 years.

On the site of the present Zocalo or Plaza Mayor the Aztec priests found the symbolic eagle on the cactus, and here they made the center of their town. It was here that Cortez found the chief *teocalli,* about where the Cathedral now stands, and here some of the fiercest fighting was done. This center, the "Aztec forum," became also the center of the Spanish town which immediately began to grow, the waterways about it being filled up to make streets. Little by little, through the centuries, the lakes have receded, the canals have been filled, more or less successful drainage has been effected, until it is harder to conceive the ancient city, with waterways regularly intersecting its streets, and beyond, upon the two "inland seas," one salt, one fresh, the myriad canoes bringing in their tribute,—this is even harder than to imagine Ely or some of the other cathedral towns of England as formerly upon islands.

The drainage canal which makes the chief guarantee of security against flood and fever, was contemplated as early as the fourteenth century, begun in 1607, abandoned and re-

begun under different authorities, including that of Maximilian, and at last finished by President Diaz, in 1896, at a cost of sixteen million dollars. It does not prevent the soil from being marshy, so that cellars are impossible and the death rate, though reduced from 60 per thousand to 18 per thousand, is still more than it would be if the city were on higher ground not far away. One may give only qualified belief to the theory that vagrant cows trod out the city plan of Boston; but clearly enough the site of Mexico was determined when jealous neighbors of the Aztecs would not let them settle anywhere else. Why the Spaniards clung to the unwholesome choice is less clear. One viceroy in the sixteenth century asked permission of the crown to move the capital to a better situation where are now the suburbs of San Angel and Tacubaya; but by that time, so far had growth proceeded, the change would have cost $50,000,000 and it was forbidden by the ungenerous monarch as impractical.

The Alameda, the other center, is a more aristocratic park, very beautiful, and associated in sentiment with Carlota, who did much to improve it. Just before reaching it, on the

way from the Zocalo, one sees the only moderately impressive though very costly post office, too much lightened and weakened in appearance by broken surfaces and open spaces near the top, but really one of the best post-office buildings in the world. The interior provokes no criticism. Its superb marble, Italian bronze gratings, and richness of material throughout, together with the general plan, suggest a building for some art purpose rather than for the business of a government department; but it serves no less well for that. The eight-million-dollar theater at the east end of the Alameda is a thing to challenge admiration at once. Let us hope no one will insist on gilding its statuary or otherwise ruining its delicate beauty. Its curtain, a wonderfull glass mosaic picture of the mountains Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, as they loom before the city, was made by Tiffany in New York. One cannot help wondering what use will be made of so fine a theater when it is finished, seeing that Mexico has no drama worthy of the name and no native actors worth mentioning. Suggestion has been made and I think a semi-official promise been given that first-class companies from the United

States will be offered the use of the building free, except for the cost of lighting. If the government does this, the educative effect should be considerable. Good opera, indeed, especially Italian opera, is already heard and appreciated—I heard Tetrazzini in Mexico before she had ever sung in New York. However, every Latin-American capital must have its costly national theater, so why cavil as to what shall be done with it? It is a conventional ornament. To speculate on what could have been done in the way of model tenements with the millions spent here is equally idle. The tenements will come; and the children of the poor will be taught to live otherwise than wallowing in filth. For the beautifully clean asphalt streets of Mexico do run close to only half-hidden wretchedness with which the worst negro alley in our own vaunted Washington is not to be compared. The people are not descended from the cleanly Mayas, but from the less scrupulous Aztecs; they have long been living in conditions alien to them, of which they are neither the makers nor the masters and which give little room for dignified human life. So in looking at them one is grateful for visions of the people in the mar-

ket of Tehuantepec, or even, oppressed as they are, those in the fields of Yucatan.

Let us not be accused of wandering far from the Alameda, for, as just intimated, we have turned but a little aside.

I was happy enough to know this lovely park when one could pass all along it without being startled, amazed, and shocked by the colossal statue of Juarez which now fronts Avenida Juarez at about the middle point of the southern edge. Colossal as is the statue, one feels what must be the instant effect when a great wreath, not of marble but of gold, is clapped down upon its head by one of the likewise colossal angels. There are urns, also of gold, that claim at least as much attention as the central figure, and there are two lions being relentlessly crushed by a weight on the small of their backs. One fancies that some enemy of Juarez must have had to do with this hideous perpetration. If the gold leaf could be all removed, the total effect would be less than half as bad.

The Juarez statue is representative of many things. Mexican aptitude for drawing, design, pen-work, wood carving, painting and all allied arts, on the side of mere facility, is

almost unbelievable to an American. There is hardly a school where some boy cannot draw the teacher either in likeness or in caricature as he chooses. There is no church society or other little local group that cannot have a memorial or memento nicely engrossed without going outside its own membership. The love of color and of ornament is everywhere. So it is with music. Every village has its brass band. The tattered peons will stand for hours listening to music that, in the United States, would be too good to be popular. The military bands of Mexico play not only with zest, but with soul, and are acknowledged to be among the best in the world. To hear the national anthem played as they often play it is to hear a thing which will never be forgotten. But restraint of taste seems lacking among rich and poor, ignorant and educated. Women overdress. Men make display puppets of themselves. Apart from the outside severity of the conventional dwelling, architecture tends to the ornate, the overglorified. This is not a universal indictment; it is a statement of general observation. The emotional susceptibility, the responsiveness, the manual dexterity, the mental ingenuity, and the tem-

peramental patience being undoubtedly present, there would seem reason to hope that increase of general culture, and a fuller liberation of the spirit of the nation as democracy advances, will bring in larger creativeness than we matter-of-fact Americans have yet attained. The really superb achievements in painting at times when conditions were at all favorable, are a promise of this. Sculpture, of course, is a severer test, and architecture the severest of all.

Up and down the Alameda on Sunday morning walk the "quality" of Mexico City, listening to the best band in the Republic. On Sunday afternoon the same people ride behind Kentucky-bred and other thoroughbred horses, though usually in quaint, comfortable carriages, out past the Alameda, along the Paseo de la Reforma, past the great bronze statue of Charles V of Spain, and that of the valiant Cuauhtemoc, through splendid avenues of trees, to Chapultepec. To Chapultepec, in a hired coach, an inexpensive thing in Mexico City, let us betake ourselves. There, at sundown, leaning over a parapet on one of the inclined approaches to the castle, aware of its reminiscent though not dreadful shadow be-

hind us, aware of the sad, sempiternal great trees below, we will gaze off to the tender color and stupendous bulk of Popocatepetl and his consort, the White Lady (Ixtaccihuatl), as they float in the haze and last glow of evening. Here Montezuma took his ease. He must have walked often at nightfall under those same trees, which are a thousand years old. Here Maximilian and Carlota dreamed their dreams. Here, it may be, American soldier boys, in 1847, rested after a not too glorious fray and forgot to question the wherefore of present commands in musing upon "the old woe of the world." Change has written its record here as surely if not in as hard characters as on the Palatine or the Acropolis. Yet the cypress trees live and grow, with a kind of melancholy vigor which prophesies long continuance and succession of their kind to witness the coming and the passing of many another generation and perhaps still changing races of men.

Those who profess to know a gay capital when they see it declare that Mexico City is not such. It has its clubs, its cafés, its showy balls, its handsome women, its glare of lights at night, its bullfight on Sunday in the

largest bull ring in the world, and its various other pleasures and vices. Its people are vivacious and, in the main, happy even when a political cloud of dread omen hangs over them. Hardly any people can be more lavish in expenditure for play or more extravagantly overdressed.

That a strain of seriousness, bordering on melancholy, and quite distinct from the heavy solemnity ascribed to the English in proverbs, does seem present even in their enjoyment cannot be denied. So perhaps Mexico is not a gay capital. I am sure that neither New York nor Washington is gay. Perhaps Paris or Monte Carlo, analytically considered, is not. Nothing is gay that is not naïve, spontaneous, youthful; and Mexico has memories enough to make it old.

XI

THE GOVERNMENT

IT has already been said that the national memory of Mexico before the coming of Cortez is largely tradition. The country was under the baneful domination of Spain from 1521, when the subjugation of the Aztecs was completed, to 1821, when Augustin de Iturbide, sent to suppress a revolution, led his forces over to the insurgents and became the first head of independent Mexico. There had been uprisings before, notably one in 1910, led by Miguel Hidalgo, a priest, whose statue adorns some public square in almost every Mexican city; but the movements had succeeded only in creating and increasing a desire for independence. There had been attempts, too, on the part of some governors and viceroys to mitigate the condition of the people and suppress the worst abuses of the clergy. On the whole, however, the Spanish rule in Mexico, as in every other Spanish

colony, was one of avarice, hardness, religious bigotry, and coercion. Perhaps the Inquisition was never practised in more devilish opposition to the principles it invoked than here. In no land have the people shown more of the stuff of which martyrs are made, whether in the cause of patriotism or in that of true religion. Initiative, though often strikingly shown, may at times have been lacking, but never the resolution to suffer and to persevere. With the accession of Iturbide, who became the first Emperor, the Inquisition at least passed away. Other benefits were slower in coming.

China and Russia alone were greater in extent than the empire of which Iturbide found himself in command. It included Honduras to the south, and to the northward set up claims on the western half of the continent even as far as the present border of Canada. There were as yet, however, neither settled principles of control, nor any means of developing this almost inconceivable realm. Through massacre and war, the Aztec empire of thirty million souls had shrunk to a population of fifteen millions. Soundness could not be attained in a moment, even had the new ad-

ministration been the wisest. Disintegration began. Scarcely a year passed before Guatemala seceded, and already a formidable republican movement had got under way. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, who had helped Iturbide to break the Spanish rule, now proclaimed the end of Iturbide's own power and the establishment of a republic. This was at the end of 1822.

With many ups and downs and much of intermittent warfare, the Mexican republic was maintained from 1822 to 1864, when the French interfered. During this period not only had Guatemala seceded, but Texas, on account of impatience among American settlers with the erratic and intolerant ways of President Santa Anna, and influenced by the Southern party of the United States, had declared its independence. The war against the "North Americans" had been fought unsuccessfully, and more than a half million square miles of territory outside of Texas had been relinquished as a forfeit of the struggle. Santa Anna, after a downfall and a return to power, had sold still another fifty thousand square miles to the United States. Yet internally the nation improved; Santa Anna

had been thrust out at last in 1855 and the dictatorship—for so it was—gave place to an actual republic. Benito Juarez, first as Minister of Justice, then as President, formulated what William H. Seward called the best plan of government ever devised. True, to make his admittedly right plans effective involved a struggle, the end of which was not to be in his lifetime, nor perhaps in ours. It was part of a world struggle to establish the right of all human creatures, not only to political and religious liberty, but also to some freedom in the exercise of their own productive powers and a share in the bounty of nature. The people, however, made their loyalty to Juarez unmistakable, and no more hopeful sign could have developed than the growth of an enlightened, consistent public sentiment. A new Constitution was adopted in 1857. The jurisdiction of ecclesiastical and military courts over civil cases was declared at an end, an evil which Iturbide's constitution had not even sought to remove. Religious toleration was guaranteed, the separation of church and state was declared, the control of the church over cemeteries was denied, the right of the church to possess landed property was abol-

ished, civil marriage was instituted. The necessity for the two last-named measures may well be explained at this point. The Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, while the people still lived in abject poverty, was the richest church establishment in the world, owning then over one-third of the total wealth of the nation, or about $300,000,000 worth of property. Even Roman Catholics, outside the reactionary group, admit that such a state of affairs is not desirable. Madame Calderon de la Barca, herself a devout Catholic, gave warning as early as 1841 that if reforms were not made by the church itself, they would be forced upon it, and that its cathedrals would perhaps be turned to "meeting houses" by Mexico's neighbors from the north. Regarding marriage, it is a curious reflection that this sacrament, first instituted to meet the needs of the alienated classes, to whom the old Roman law denied the right, had in Mexico and other Spanish countries been made so expensive that the poor could no longer afford it. Many thousands of children were illegitimately born because their parents could not pay the extortionate fees of the clergy. The institution of civil marriage did away with this to a great

extent, and to-day no marriage in Mexico has legality except the civil marriage. The church, however, dissuaded or intimidated many from availing themselves of civil marriage, as indeed it does in many cases to-day. Similarly, the papal authorities threatened excommunication to all who professed liberal ideas. Juarez answered by banishing the bishops, the Papal Nuncio, and the Spanish representative. Though civil war followed, the possibility of rallying the friends of liberty by an appeal to the people and of defying superstition was proved.

In 1861 Napoleon III, seeing the United States on the verge of civil war and unable to enforce the Monroe Doctrine, conceived a gigantic scheme for the re-establishment of Latin power in the New World. He would recognize the Southern Confederacy and strengthen it by all means in his power. He even held out to the Southern party the suggestion that if they should set up and make firm an independent confederacy, a union of Mexico with it would be favored in Europe. A considerable party in Mexico desired this extension of what had already happened to Texas. Mexican refugees and reactionaries

in France viewed it with no favor, preferring a French protectorate; and Napoleon was treating with them while he falsely professed to favor the other plan. So the wily Bonaparte helped to precipitate the American civil war. To England he represented the desirability of limiting the power of the United States, but concealed his dream of a Latin and Roman Catholic empire. To Spain he revealed this dream of his but professed an intention that he seems never to have entertained—that of placing a Spanish prince on the throne. To Austria he divulged more fully the plan afterward attempted—that of compensating Austria for recent injuries which he had inflicted, by placing a representative of the Hapsburg line over the new empire; but even to Austria he did not emphasize his intention that France should control the puppet thus set up.

The pretext for definite action came when Juarez, as President of Mexico, announced that nothing could be paid and that no attempt would be made to pay anything on the Mexican national debt for two years. This was not repudiation and financiers have declared it as sound a thing as, in the impover-

ished condition of the country, he could have done. Two years of peace would enable him, he thought, to resume payment. Unfortunately, however, the announcement gave a pretext for France, Spain, and England, all creditors, to pounce down upon him. The United States, also a creditor, refused a tardy invitation to join them, and announced its readiness to loan money to Mexico if desired. A military expedition started in 1861, but England and Spain almost immediately learned that they were being duped and withdrew. Juarez was able to rally a stronger support and maintain a greater resistance than had been anticipated. The United States, which had steadfastly recognized the little Indian statesman's government and refused to recognize the usurper, astounded all Europe by the resources put forth in dealing with the Southern secession. Even the South itself, incensed at Napoleon's trickery, turned from him and his schemes. Certain politicians went so far as to propose that North and South make a truce till their united armies could sweep the French invaders into the sea. It was an exaggeration to declare, as has been done, that either President Davis or President

Lincoln favored this. The idea was considerably discussed, however, which fact in itself shows that unanimity of American feeling regarding Mexico had come to be assumed previous to Lee's surrender. The "Emperor" Maximilian, for whom, with his beautiful young wife, Carlota, an appropriation of about a million dollars a year had been made from the hypothetical resources of a distracted, oppressed, and bankrupt nation, had proved equal only to the ornamental and ceremonial requirements of his office. So of all the deceived and disappointed parties to the whole scheme, barring the unhappy Maximilian and Carlota, no one was more disappointed and humiliated than Napoleon III. The civil war in the United States being at an end, and emphatic demands for the evacuation of Mexico being made by the American Secretary of State, he felt obliged to comply. The pretty Emperor and Empress refusing to join in this, he abandoned them. Maximilian was captured and shot at Queretaro, June 19, 1867, and Carlota, after a vain journey and appeal to both Napoleon and the Pope, went mad. The Mexican people have always regarded the lily-fair prince and his beautiful

wife as unfortunate rather than as astute and sinister figures.

Now comes the most problematic turn in Mexican history. Juarez returned to the capital and took up the details of government as nearly as possible where they had been interrupted five years before. One of his strongest military supporters had been General Porfirio Diaz, whose patron and friend he was from the time when Diaz, as a boy, entered the law school at Oaxaca. He had trusted and befriended Diaz all along, and the younger man's loyalty up to this time seems not to be questioned. So far as the tangle of diverging stories and deliberate coloring of records will permit a foreigner easily to judge, the military service of the young man had been of highest value. He had displayed courage, foresight, astuteness, and almost incredible vigor. Up to this time the relations of the two men were such as coming generations in Mexico might have looked upon with pride and gratitude. Juarez, however, was not only an enemy of church domination and of foreign domination, he was also an enemy of military domination. Himself a representative in blood, experience, and tradition

of the class who had, perhaps, sacrificed more than any other for the maintenance of the nation, he firmly believed in their capacity, if they could have wise, patriotic leadership for a few years, to learn self-government. His critics regard him as a doctrinaire in this, and point not only to the untutored condition of the Indians, but to the fact that the military leaders who had helped to sustain the government must of course be reckoned with. They were sure, in view of their habits, to demand larger rewards than could accrue under a democratic government. Such demands they did in fact promptly make. What more simple and natural than that the country should be divided into military departments, that each general should be given a department from which he could farm revenues and in which he might administer government as he chose, and that the only return demanded should be unfailing payment of a quota, unfailing military support when needed, and unfailing assent to all the acts of the central government at all times? The plan of Juarez was undeniably more complex and far more difficult, one of the difficulties being that the generals would declare war on him if he did

not satisfy them. He chose the harder way. Diaz refused to follow, artfully declaring that he could but sympathize with his old companions in arms, as years of service had unfitted them for high place in democratic civil life. He could by no means take the sword against them, he said, and the nation was not ready for the higher course.

Assuming that Juarez was right, had he been heartily supported by Diaz, there is little doubt that Diaz would in due time have been chosen president upon the same platform. He stood second to Juarez in national prominence, and as a military figure had no equal. Supposing that Juarez was wrong, on the other hand, it seems strange that Diaz's withdrawal and later his active opposition in arms never accomplished the downfall of the little Indian idealist. Harassed by some whose support would have comforted and enormously aided him, nevertheless, until he died suddenly in 1872, five years after the departure of the French, fifteen years after his first elevation to the presidency, and seventeen years after he had announced the Juarez law concerning courts of justice, Juarez was able to maintain his government through that pub-

lic support on which he relied. At Juarez's death, there was perhaps only one other man capable of weathering the storms to which the presidential office was subjected. In 1876, after four troublous years, in which he himself led part of the disturbances, Porfirio Diaz became president, and with the nominal exception of one four-year term, he ruled the country thenceforth for thirty-five years, till the spring of 1911. He had come in, however, upon a different principle from that of Juarez, and by a different principle he ruled. The material development, which means also the exploitation of the national resources by foreign capital, was phenomenal. The maintenance of order in spite of unsuccessful uprisings of which a censored press told little, was, on the whole, either commendable or sinister, according to the point of view, but in either case was effective. Foreign capital and foreign settlers were encouraged to participate in the wealth of the country. It was even said that an Englishman, a German, or an American could enjoy under Diaz more security in his business enterprise than any native might feel, and conduct his enterprises on better terms than any native not belonging

to the official governmental group. Meanwhile, the friends of the deposed ruler argue that everything possible has been done to educate the masses and make them ready for what Juarez proclaimed fifty years ago—a democratic government. There is a school in every municipality of the Republic and 2,000,000 children, they declare, are in the public schools—by no means an incredible figure. Assuming that progress is being made, the foreign observer is inevitably brought to feel that after thirty-five years of military despotism, the common people have much left to desire, and even if inclined to think that the dream of Juarez was impractical, he will still wish that it might have come true. As for the people themselves, in so far as they rise to the level of intelligent belief, they are enthusiastic, persistent, and unwavering in their assertion that, given a leader of the Juarez school, they could have realized Juarez's program. Ultimately, of course, a people will obtain for themselves a government approximating what they deserve and have intelligence to appreciate. The Mexicans have always coveted better than they have had, and have never admitted that the

iron hand of irresponsible power was tolerable. That President Diaz, though strong, efficient, and it may be patriotic in motives, was ever in all his "unanimous" elections really the object of popular choice, has only the flimsiest appearance of verity. His final election in 1910 was a caricature. The opposition forces had been shattered by the arbitrary and forcible breaking up of their meetings, the imprisonment of their leaders, and the intimidation by soldiers at the polls of voters with the hardihood to present themselves. The defenders of the government profess that a dignified and peaceful campaign would have been tolerated. Those interested in it, and many foreign witnesses as well, have declared that the campaign was notable for self-restraint under trying conditions. However that may be, an actual election was not permitted. The president, through members of his cabinet, had been warned that if the nation were thwarted then, revolution would follow. Uprisings did occur at once following the so-called re-election and within a few weeks took on serious proportions.

Travel and much inquiry in pacific quarters

of the country during the struggle warrant me in the assertion that discontent was almost universal. Fundamentally its cause was economic; unjust division of benefits, preposterously unequal distribution of taxes, and outrageous dispossession of small land owners from their ancestral homes, being averred. But the immediate demand was for political reform. The progressive movement harks back to the little Indian legislator of 1855 as its prophet.

Up to the present there is only one name in all their annals, the mention of which will bring an emotional response of pride and veneration among Mexican citizens from the northern to the southern end of the country—one name that they delight to put beside that of Washington, who might have been a king, but who would not—and that is the name of Juarez. So strong has this sentiment been all along, that the president and every representative of the government, ignoring the historic relation of their régime to his, must join with what heart they could in the annual and occasional demonstrations of it. If a second name is put with that of Juarez in any spontaneous way, it is that of the patriot priest

and first great martyr of Mexican liberty, Hidalgo. The time may come when, for a widely different service, a more qualified appreciation will be given to Porfirio Diaz with something like the same general accord; but the time is not yet. For better or worse he has had his day and the future will judge him. The revolution of 1911 was not directed against an old man whose control could no longer be more than nominal and whom the people would have been willing to let die in peace, it was directed against those who might pretend to be his logical successors without having demonstrated the only right that can ever justify despotism, the right of might. Such right in his years of early vigor Porfirio Diaz proved in a remarkable degree. Such right will have to be shown by his successors if he is to have any. Otherwise, and probably, a new order will prevail. That something of the rigor of the Diaz policy is needed while outlaws defy the government and terrorize peaceful farms and villages almost every one believes. It is one thing to insist on law and order, however, and quite another thing to insist that all shall favor the existing officers for continuance in power. This Diaz did. A

change must come and be made permanent. That its definite arrival might have been vigorously and convincingly asserted at once by the Madero government, and not have needed confirmation through the further drenching of the country in blood, is the wish of every friend of the Mexican people.

In dismissing this subject a word should be said about the organic form of the government. The Constitution of Juarez has never been abrogated or greatly altered. It expounds the nature of the Mexican government as federal—that is, composed of free and sovereign individual states—as representative, and as democratic. It distinguishes three coordinate branches of government, adopting our own fiction that the judicial function is neither legislative nor executive. The rights of individuals are guaranteed, in some respects more fully than by our Constitution. The mechanism with which to carry out this scheme is provided for and has in fact been preserved—a President chosen by an electoral college, a bicameral Congress whose members are nominally elected by the people, and a system of courts like our own. The separate state legislatures correspond to ours. In

practical working, since the death of Juarez, there has been but one department of government, that is the executive. Under Diaz the governor of a state was his representative, the *jefe politico* of a district was responsible to the governor; and the people had nothing to do with choosing any of them. Still it is something to have had the right principles laid down in theory and acknowledged in form. It makes difficult the opposition of any argument but force against the institutions of democracy, and gives the progressive group an immediate basis of procedure.

XII

XOCHIMILCO

THE valley of Morelos lies close to the valley of Mexico, though at a lower level and with a high wall between. It is possible, if one has pneumonia and hours are precious, to take a train in the unhealthful capital at daybreak, arrive in balmy Cuernavaca by noon, and be declared on the way to recovery next day. Under usual conditions, however, the valley of Mexico is not to be so eagerly left. While the nights are often chilly, the climate is otherwise almost irreproachable and the natural charms of the valley are worthy of some large-visioned poet of outdoors. It should not be discredited because it had one piece of lowland whose open drainage the Spaniards could stop and upon which a somewhat miasmic though beautiful city could be built. So even if one cannot tarry for months to etch in the picture of maguey fields on the drier flat lands, of cypress trees,

of dome-crowned villages, and of encircling mountains, at least one can pay the respect of a slow departure. This may be done by way of the Viga, the one Aztec canal that still remains in use, leading south toward Cuernavaca as far as Xochimilco.

There are those who will tell you that they have seen this canal, so extravagantly described in books, and that it is no more than a slimy ooze. They have seen the miserable *diminuendo* at the city end that is finally lost in a sewer; but they do not know the Viga. What stream, even the mightiest, without very special protection, can make its way through a city of 450,000 inhabitants and still remain "undefiled for the undefiled"? Even at the city end of this ancient canal our friends, if alert, might have seen something to describe other than the excrements of obscene breweries along the banks, and unlimited oceans of mud; they might have seen the people, one of the superlatively clean tribes, thank Heaven! propelling their dugouts up and down, and in the dugouts enough vegetables for a thousand tables, besides flowers in quantities really exciting to think of.

For thirteen miles as one goes out along the

Viga there are no tributaries. There is only one channel of nearly uniform width, arched by quaint bridges and enlivened by an unending succession of barges going to market with garden truck, and of little canoes that dart along upon other errands. Gradually the water becomes purer till it is void of offense. Then begins perfect enjoyment. The remoter plain may be somewhat brown in the dry season, varied only by the maguey, cousin to our old friend the henequin plant, while near by on either hand are luscious green fields with cattle wading or grazing at will. The canoe moves easily, propelled not by oars or paddles but by a long, light pole thrust to the bottom. In places this is varied by tossing a rope to one of the boatmen, who leaps cheerfully ahead with it over his shoulder, now in water, now upon a tow path, his muscular though not heavy limbs bare to the thigh. Boys fish from the banks. New things are constantly appearing, not to tease the eye and the mind as on a railway journey, but to beguile the imagination. At last, after about four hours, the canal resolves itself into a great number of smaller canals which are fed by springs in themselves worth a visit, and are

conducted in and out among the so-called "floating gardens" so as to make every garden an island. Within the memory of men still living much of this area was a lake and some of the gardens were actually floating; but now the little oblong patches of soil rest upon bottom. The willows that grow straight up like Lombardy poplars were once only stakes to keep the unique real property from moving off. Masses of water plants buoyed up by air chambers on their stalks float upon what remains of the lake and show how land began to form. As would be guessed from such an origin, the gardens have the richest mold, they never lack water, and the sun smiles upon them as only a southern sun can. Each is as large as a good town lot and any of them if actually afloat would sink from the weight of vegetables and flowers. The poppy, the sweet pea, and the bachelor's button are favorite flowers, though carnations and marguerites also abound and roses are by no means uncommon. All these and other blossoms hang down and are reduplicated in the water. They scramble over the tops of the houses. In daylight or in moonlight they make incomparable pictures at every turn.

The graceful, brown-armed figures gliding about in their canoes strike no jarring note. Nothing annoys. The most appropriate exclamation at the crystal springs of Xochimilco is, "I did not believe there was such a place in the world!"

Barges go down heavy with the current to Mexico and come back light. Few large cities have sources of so abundant supply for vegetables and flowers, with means of transportation so cheap. Xochimilco was a source of supplies for the Aztec capital in the old days, and, unless scholars have wrongly translated, an occasional source of victims for the Aztec sacrificial stone. Whoever lived here at any time, if he had marauding neighbors, must have been an easy prey, for gentleness and soft confiding in the loveliness of an idyllic world are as natural here as a square front to all comers must be in a country of highland blasts. A friend of mine had a quarrelsome retainer who chose to follow him from one locality to another and always managed to involve himself and his master in trouble. They went to Xochimilco and Gabriel fought with no one. It seems he could find no one to fight with.

It cost three Mexican dollars ($1.50) to bring out seven of us in a large covered canoe, with enough luggage to burden four or five carriers in transferring from the canoe to the house. A canal ran very near the house occupied by our friends, the only foreign family in the village, by whom we were to be entertained. A canal runs near everybody's door in Xochimilco; there are a hundred miles of them at least. Fish abound and come in fine condition from the cold water. We saw many goldfish of no diminutive size, and bought for fifty *centavos* a wriggling carp that weighed about six pounds.

This American friend, at whose house we stopped, an engineer, was in charge of work installing a new plant to increase the water supply of Mexico City. He took us along a small canal until suddenly it widened, deepened, and came to an end. We were floating upon a basin seventy-five feet in diameter, twenty-five feet deep, and filled with gushing pure water. It was one of the marvelous springs at Xochimilco, flowing about eight million gallons in twenty-four hours. There are several others, not so large, but still of great output and all of the same pure water,

fed probably by the melting snow and ice of Popocatepetl.

A feature of every landscape hereabout is the little church. Above the fringe of green vegetables or of glorious bloom, over the thatch of the hut, between the willows, against the bulk of the mountains, there is certain to be a church in the view. We must have seen twenty, all commanding because of the lowness of the houses round about, all venerable-looking and harmonious with the feeling of the place; never, on any of them, a "steeple." The spire with its call to upward pursuit of the unattainable, is no part of Mexican church architecture. The dome seems to suggest contemplation and repose. True, the Spaniards were restless enough, but their restlessness was not upon the side that churches represent. Concerning religion they leaned back upon authority, and came easily to that perfectness of satisfaction which must have expressed itself powerfully at times to any one who has traveled in Mexico, the land of domes. There are said to be more of these, chiefly of the *media naranja* (half orange) form, than in any other country in the world. And if the Anglo-Saxon cannot adopt this

form as his emblem, for he is self-conscious, he can be happy in visiting a land whose temperament it suits.

"Xochimilco," our engineer friend declared, "is only the beginning of the most beautiful part of the canal system, for you can travel a full day beyond. I never did get to the end, though on a trip some time ago I went through a string of towns for over thirty miles. I was fascinated with some of the old places—splendid they must have been once; but they had gone down and down as the more intelligent sons of the families were drawn off to the cities, till some fine *haciendas* were altogether deserted and others occupied only by peons. It was impossible not to build air castles when I thought of what a progressive trained man could do there on some places to be bought almost for the song that he might sing. Cattle of the best breeds would thrive on his wide level fields, vineyards and orchards would spring up at his touch in this perfect climate, water power and streams for irrigation would come from the hills to work magic for him, native labor would offer itself cheaper than he ought to wish, and paddle wheels on the canals would carry all his produce to a

great market. This will come true for somebody, but for whom? I think it will come true most largely and remain true the longest for Americans, Europeans, or intelligent Indians, according as one or another of them has most spiritual depth and force—most desire to give and to teach among the poor natives and not merely to exploit them. In the end I think all Mexico will be the heritage of those, whoever they are, who come with a will to help. The other sort of thing goes to seed and to rot, as it has once done in this valley; and in the long run social forces among the common people, the allies of the man who helps, will destroy the parasite. As neighbors of Mexico we Americans have great possibilities at our doors; the question is, Are we big enough?"

My friend the engineer is an idealist, and grows very enthusiastic at times.

From Xochimilco it is not far to Eslava where, only a day late because of our little journey into a primitive world, we can take the train from Mexico to Cuernavaca. One gets almost a bird's eye view of the region of Mexico City from the top of the range at a height of 10,000 feet.

XIII

CUERNAVACA, CUAUTLA, PUEBLA

CUERNAVACA, though not inviting comparison with the little Indian Venice, is in its own way the loveliest spot yet visited. At Xochimilco one rubs one's eyes and looks again to make sure that the scene really belongs to the world of wide-awake. At Cuernavaca one settles forthwith into a conviction of always having known the place, and a feeling that everything here is the normal by which things elsewhere may be tested. With an altitude of only 4500 feet, more than two thousand feet lower than the valley of Mexico, and with a southern exposure among sheltering hills, this other valley has no cold winter, no cold nights and no hot ones, no droughts, no inconveniences of climate, hot or cold, wet or dry. The town of 7000 inhabitants is all clean, orderly, thrifty, reposeful, and old. The steep and narrow streets, which often become stairways

of rock, the thick walls, the heavy doors, the elaborate latches and hinges, all bear the testimony of age. It is a place of running water, and fountains are numerous.

Of course the town has its cathedral, this one founded in 1529; and of course, being of sufficient antiquity, it has a palace of Cortez. We visited his residence in Oaxaca, and another in Coyoacan, a suburb of Mexico City, this latter being the oldest structure erected by any white man on American soil. Now we must by all means pay our respect to the Cuernavaca palace, the more because it has been made the state government building and because it commands from the roof a superb view of the green valley and the peaceful mountains. It was begun by Cortez in 1530.

The chief exhibit of Cuernavaca is the Borda Garden, established about the middle of the eighteenth century by Joseph le Borde, a Frenchman who had made enormous fortunes in Mexican silver mines. It is said to have cost a million *pesos* then, but time has added much that the owner could not buy, both in definable beauty and in the pervasive charm of imaginative suggestion. There are old walls, built high and solid enough to en-

dure; trees grown old but of unfailing vigor; old Moorish fountains that have become weathered and flawed but lost nothing of their airy Saracenic grace; walks that Carlota trod many a time, when Cuernavaca was the summer capital, and when old Joseph, their first owner, had been long sleeping in a poor man's grave; benches on which she must have sat; roses and oleanders that she may have tended, and mangoes whose fruit she may have eaten. You will think more of Carlota in the garden than you will of its original owner whose name it bears; and many other thoughts you will have which you will never convey unless to some one at your side under the shade of the tropical trees with their unfamiliar names and their delicious fruits.

Cuautla, in climate and general character, needs no description to one who has visited Cuernavaca. It is not quite so old, not quite so large, and not quite so full of romance; but having famous hot sulphur springs is rather more haunted by invalids and *resters*.

Not in the state of Morelos, where we have been lingering, but in a state whose name it shares, Puebla has a little more altitude, a little cooler climate, yet the same quality of

softness in the air, the same sulphur water that flows so abundantly in Cuautla, and a degree of the same popularity with those needing to be cured. Puebla, however, is more of a city, and can assimilate these latter visitors as Cuautla cannot. Moreover, Puebla has some charming suburbs and rest spots to which, being a city, it dispatches many of the impotent or the indisposed. With a population just under one hundred thousand, it narrowly misses being the second city in size of the republic; and if it must yield to Guadalajara in this respect, it still claims second place in the consideration of the visitor. It has the name of being conservative as to taste and social customs, anti-foreign, Romanist in religion, reactionary as to politics. Certainly it is not progressive in many of the usual implications of the word; but without being so it would seem to have made progress in whatever contributes to its charm. The capital of the richest state in Mexico, it has a look of comfort and of competence. In architecture, in landscape, in the equipages upon its clean asphalt streets, in the dress of its well-to-do citizens, one is reminded that essential harmonies may be preserved in more than one

style. Puebla society is accused of being exclusive, and perhaps this is confirmed rather than otherwise by the eagerness that I observed in the daughter of one of its prominent families, when visiting in another town, to make acquaintance with the American and English colony, including the Protestant church there. If so, when their opportunity for reciprocating came the family were generous beyond expectation in making a little glimpse of their own life possible. I was invited to call at the house, which does not happen to a young man in their own set unless he is an accepted suitor. They were meeting an American in his own way. The daughter whom I knew greeted me first, after the servant. I was conducted to where the maternal head of the household and her oldest daughter sat to receive their callers, and was introduced. Then for a few moments I sat in a second parlor with Miss Maria, as I shall name her—an impossible departure from their conventional etiquette—till the younger sisters began to come in one after another, down to a little toddler of four years. Puzzled at first by a stranger whose speech was foreign, she ended by sitting on my lap. Whether

the entry of this beautiful troop was also contrary to established rules I do not know. Some very wise persons will say that of course such special favors were tantamount to a matrimonial acceptance; but they certainly had not the shadow of such meaning. I was not only an American, but I was an American from another city, in Puebla for no more than three or four days, and they had decided to treat me according to American ways of hospitality so far as they knew them. If in any particular they happened not to know, they would err on the side of kindness. On a second call to take leave, I did not see the children till I was going out, but then found them, all four, in the corridor in a row waiting to bid me good-by. It is years since then and I have never met one of the family since; but this pretty and gracious picture, together with others that I remember of the luxurious and beautiful home and perfectly managed household, is still a source of enjoyment.

Puebla has more Mexican history than any other city except the capital. Not founded till 1532, when the Spaniards felt the need of a city halfway between and more healthfully located than either Vera Cruz or the Aztec

capital on Lake Texcoco, it nevertheless has a miraculous story of its location, two angels having pointed out the spot to Fray Julian Garces. So it was called Puebla de los Angeles. It soon outgrew the neighboring Indian town of Cholula as Mexico City did its ancient neighbor Xochimilco. Leaping over to modern times, it was captured in 1821 by Iturbide, the first ruler of independent Mexico, was occupied by the Americans in 1847, and was besieged and taken by the French in 1862. A little later, May 5, 1862, its recapture by General Zaragoza was the most brilliant victory in all the history of Mexican arms, and May 5 has been as great a national holiday ever since as the Fourth of July is with us. The French regained the town again next year and held it till 1867, when it was captured by General Porfirio Diaz, and the French garrison were made prisoners. Zaragoza's victory in 1862 changed the name of the town to Puebla de Zaragoza.

No longer a "city of the angels," Puebla is still a city of churches. Any commanding view of it will show from fifty to seventy domes, agreeing in outline with those other domes, Popocatepetl and Orizaba, on either hand, and

in color showing all the variety of tiles for the manufacture of which Puebla is noted. Popocatepetl is accompanied by his consort Ixtaccihuatl and also in this case by a strange figure, that of the pyramid of Cholula, nearer at hand. To the north is Malintzi, almost as towering as the other two giants, so that there is always an enclosing rim to the region, and everywhere the land has its bounty of growing crops.

Of all the churches, the cathedral is the most notable. Not so large as the cathedral in Mexico City, it is still very large—323 feet by 101 feet. If not quite so rich upon the exterior, it is generally felt to be even more harmonious; and within it has not only the same advantage but has also fortunately kept more of the opulence of decoration and furnishing that history associates with both these buildings. The interior is even "gorgeous" as described by one writer. It is not only in broad general effects that it gives the impression of richness; whether one examine the onyx and marble altars, columns, and pavements, or the wondrous old Gobelin tapestries of extremely pagan subjects given by Charles V of Spain, or the statuary, or the paintings

by European and Mexican masters, or the wood-carving and inlay work in ivory, the effect remains throughout of unstinted devotion of rich materials, of labor, of ingenuity, and of art. Some discriminating critics regard the Puebla cathedral, taking it all together, as more worthy of study than any other church in America, not even excepting that at Mexico. Again, curiously, like the cathedral at the capital, it is not the fashionable church.

XIV

A TOLTEC PYRAMID

FROM Puebla it is less than two hours to Cholula, the town of the pyramid. I speak of going by tramcar and not by that contrivance out of due time, the Interoceanic Railway. Not that progress need be lamented, even by the sentimentalist, for it is by innovation, so often deplored as an enemy of romance, that romance is made perpetual. Not till a thing has passed out from daily habit and commonplace utility may fancy beset it with a glamor of things past; but the consecration is one in which epochs are not finely observed. This quaint and dingy conveyance, and the tiny mules in front, now tugging pitifully over a hard place, now at a level jog, and again scampering away down some slope before the pursuing car—these might have belonged to any age not ours—so they do not offend.

On either side as we pass, grain fields show that the earth yields willing increase, and at

intervals are reapers who thrust in their sickles and turn with tedious movement to lay the grain in sheaves, as was the manner of reaping long ago. Such oxen as these that plod along, with yokes rudely bound upon their horns, labor steadily forever on imperishable old Greek bas-reliefs. Somewhat as now we see them, asses went burdened in the time of Mary and Joseph. The jars that are borne on dark and graceful shoulders are of a form long familiar before Rebekah came out from Nahor to draw water. As for the women and girls who are washing at many pools by the way, they are types from the age when Nausicaa spread her new-whitened garments by the shore of the sea.

It was in the afternoon that I arrived at this town so variously celebrated, and found in it neither a remnant of the great and splendid city which the scribes of Cortez lyingly represented, nor a mere "town of one-story whitewashed mud huts" which was all one mole-eyed modern writer could discover. I found under the dominant shadow of the giant mound a sleepy and romantic-looking village in which the signs of former Spanish dominance are plain, in which the hues of venerable

towers and domes seem dissolving under the breath of decay to mingle with the softer air, in which the tones of bells in harmony still call a simple people to worship at unthrifty hours, and in which balconies and grated windows suggest many a fancy of love-making in years gone by. In short, Cholula is a provincial Mexican town. There two civilizations met, the older was nearly obliterated by the other, and that in turn was left to slacken when the usurpers who brought it had been driven out. The impulse of new Mexican life has not been much felt there, so Cholula dreams on in its valley.

Within five minutes two ragged boys attached themselves to me for better or for worse. They first helped me to buy and eat some bananas and mangoes at the market place where a canvass of every booth had to be made before the woman could return change for my dollar, and then it came all in *centavos*. They pointed out an old sacrificial stone and were able to hint vaguely that it had a fearful history. In fact, it was doubtless wet many a time with human blood. At each of the churches they informed me as to how much money I should give the sacristan,

having a care, I think, lest my stock of *centavos* should unduly lessen before they had received their part. One advised the use of my field glass for looking at a picture in the convent; and the other thought me an ill-furnished *Americano* because I had no camera. They sold me for ten *centavos*—so far had we advanced in friendship—a clay head that is *muy antiguo* (very ancient) and for which they had at first asked a dollar. They even became confidential regarding their family affairs. Both father and mother were dead, and their only dependence was an aunt, who was at times very abusive. When I remarked that they did not seem unhappy, both at once, with the most aggrieved tone possible, exclaimed, "*Como no, Señor?*" ("Pray, why not?")

Together we sauntered out to the pyramid. This is larger than any other such—about two hundred feet high and more than a mile in circumference. The latter measurement is greater than that of the largest Egyptian pyramid, though in height some of the Egyptian structures are greater. It must also be said that while the Egyptian monuments were built of natural stone, this thing of little honor,

as our unpoetic friend would describe it, was built of mud. That is to say, it was built of sun-dried bricks, the junctures of which can still be seen, and was faced with stone and plaster which have either crumbled away or been removed. Its form, however, must have been at one time strikingly like the Egyptian, though truncated. This *teocalli* of Cholula is not the best preserved in Mexico. The Pyramid of the Moon and the Pyramid of the Sun, the two principal ones at Teotihuacan, noticed on our first journey to the capital, are more perfect specimens. But the one at Cholula is more famous, and the vegetable growth of a milder climate has made it more beautiful. Its flat top, about an acre in extent, and with a stone parapet all around, is not so empty as theirs, but is surmounted by a Spanish church which takes the place of the once splendid temple, and with which also the hand of time has been at work. Nor is the spot without an added charm of pathos to the imagination of most visitors, probably, because of that valiant resistance and bloody massacre which have been noted since the conquest.

When I asked my guides and instructors

who built the pyramid, they said, "*Los Aztecas.*" Other authorities have disagreed, thinking the pyramid older than Aztec occupancy, and ascribing it to that gentler and more civilized people, the Toltecs. Indeed, faith in the general accuracy of my informants was somewhat shaken at this point; for when I asked who built Popocatepetl, they again answered, "*Los Aztecas.*" I tried to bring them to a worthier notion of the old giant towering in the distance, wrapped about just then with the whiteness of two distinct cloud-levels below, and above with his monk's cowl of eternal whiteness. The attempt may have been lost. They seemed to take my correction at once; but ready agreement is a finished art with them, and I am not sure of their thoughts.

On the summit of the mound one commands a fine view of the country round about for many miles, broken here and there by a mountain and bounded at last by the crests that make the limit of the valley. One does not think it strange that here the ancient god of agriculture bade his last farewell to Mexico. Should he ever return—as some natives still hope with well-nigh Hebrew fondness, seeing

that the Spaniards by no means brought him on their arrival—should he ever come again to this valley of Puebla, he will find that meanwhile he has not been wholly without devotees. Rude enough is their devotion; but Heaven seems to acknowledge it with harvests.

Cortez declared that from this eminence he counted four hundred pagan temples; and it is of record that as he destroyed them he set the natives, however unwilling or little able, to replace each by a building for Catholic worship. It would seem that in this instance Cortez may have told the truth, for churches stand as close everywhere as lighthouses on a rocky coast. If so many can be seen from one point anywhere else in the world, it would be interesting to know where. They lend themselves so to beauty in the landscape, and look such perfect symbols of peace and simple piety, that one is not willing to regard them otherwise. One accuses oneself of ungratefulness when the thought occurs that blood was wrung from an unhappy people in the demand for tribute to these sacred buildings —a demand from whose impoverishing effect they have never recovered.

Having taken a farewell glance at the panorama in the slanting light, there was nothing to do but go my way. A native ran after me, offering an arrow-head for sale and declaring with great emphasis that it was genuine. I assured him of my implicit belief, and said that I had seen pecks of such curios found in the Connecticut Valley. He turned back in no ill humor, apparently less vexed than amused. At the railway station, for I confess I left by railway, we three friends justly divided the now lighter burden of *centavos*, and said a cordial good night. I hoped that for once the dreaded aunt would be reasonable.

XV

HIGHER THAN THE ALPS

EITHER Cholula or Amecameca around to the west will serve as a way station for one who means to climb Popocatepetl. It happened that I went up on the west side from Amecameca. This account of my experience will lack the distinction of a first ascent. The summit, though two thousand feet higher than the highest Alp, has been scaled many a time since a companion of Fernando Cortez braved its then unprecedented height. The yawning mouth of the drowsy volcanic monster, which we entered, has become a place of industry for human pygmies like ourselves; the sulphur that it spits out as venom is an article of commerce; and stolid Indians, going every day to bring this down, think the ascent as commonplace as any other hard day's toil. Yet if you ever make it you will probably not do so with indifference. Eighteen thousand feet above the sea, ten thousand feet above the surrounding

plain, and shaped for all the world like the crown of a high sombrero, with snow covering all above the top of the broad band, the "smoking mountain" will never be lightly approached by a stranger, it is safe to say, unless the threatened railroad is built. Even if limbs are good, and lungs are sound, and heart proves equal to the strain, you will find the task one to be reckoned with.

The first thing is to get on speaking terms with the giant. "Popocatepetl" it is written, but that is not enough to know. The natives call it *Popo'ca taypet'tle,* and, as has been hinted, it means "smoking mountain." It belongs to the primitive tongue of the Indians and has no more to do with Spanish, the language of Mexico to-day, than old Welsh names in Wales with the modern language of Great Britain. If you cannot manage it in its full bulk and weight, call it "Popo," as tourists do.

A letter of introduction sent forward to the ranch some five thousand feet above, brought the overseer down at a smart jog with pony and pistols. He found us all eating in a restaurant. The moment he appeared and addressed us in tolerable English, we knew that

if our troubles did not soon begin it would not be his fault. Sufficiency was marked all over him. He helped to find horses and guides, fix prices, and arrange for supplies. The typical Mexican ranchman, by the way, is a gentleman, a born fighter, ambitious, patriotic, and resourceful. He will figure largely as the animating spirit of any change that may come, either by moral influence or by force of arms.

Next morning, the women of the party having spent the night packed away in a hotel that was too small for them, and the men having slept on the earth floor of the railway station, our young *ranchero* with his odd costume, wiry figure, light air, and gay songs led the way out of town, the guides trotting along behind and occasionally making short cuts. We had several hours of travel thus, women and men alike riding our beasts in the way that nature intended. About four o'clock we reached the shanty, whose hospitality we were glad to find. Señor Perez, for our guide now became our host, announced that here we were to lodge. And indeed night already began to settle upon that side of the mountain. Such is the angle that the sun seemed scarcely to

have entered the western half of the sky before it hid itself.

We had seen the mountain from the top of the old Toltec pyramid of Cholula; we had seen it through notches among the hills where only goats and Mexican donkeys could keep footing upon the trail; we had viewed it in morning and in evening light from Chapultepec and from the arches of Cuernavaca. Some of us were to look down upon its great surface from the rim at the top. But never did it make the breath stop and the heart grow sick with a feeling that could not be controlled, as when we looked, straight up it seemed, at the terrible cold height in the last glow of that afternoon sun, and knew that it did not hang over us more nearly than did the adventure for its conquest on the morrow.

Nineteen of us, and Perez with a partner and friend, making twenty-one in all, slept as best we could packed around one small room with heads toward the many chinks in the wall and with feet toward the center. The circle was not complete; for at one corner was a rough fireplace discharging most of its smoke into the room. The chinks, though they admitted enough cutting blades of air, seemed

not to let much of the smoke escape. We lay in our clothes, of course, and in whatever extra blankets we had, for at that height of 13,000 feet the air at night is cruel to one who has spent months in the mild climate of the plateau. Our shoes only we removed, as no one wished to awake with swollen and aching feet.

At three in the morning we rose, and at five were started. Should any one be curious as to how the two hours between had been spent, some of our party could answer for the employment of them. In the numbing, blistering, altogether strange cold of that lofty air, we had spent most of the time helping to catch a stray horse, identifying horses and saddles that each person as far as possible might have his own of the day before, adjusting girths that stiffened fingers refused to manage, and calling down blessings on the guides, no one of whom was more useful for such matters than a sheep. On the whole perhaps they were worth what they received; each member of our party was to pay, for horse and guide during three days, the sum of eight dollars, Mexican money, or four dollars in our own.

Finally we mounted. Those of us who had been martyrs for the rest were chattering with cold. More than half had been sickened by the smoke or some other cause. No one had eaten much breakfast, as it is against all advice. Yet some, of course, were more cheerful than others. Part of these were to be among the first "quitters."

We rode our horses to the snow line, fourteen thousand feet high in the month of January, and there left them. Some were almost exhausted, so that they had been brought along only by leading and coaxing. All suffered from the cold, as they were accustomed to the plains below. Persons who knew said that going much beyond this point would be fatal to them.

Henceforth it was to be real climbing. The zigzag path was easy to follow with the eye, but painfully hard for already lagging feet. However, we kept along. I myself felt no other distress than this sensation of labor and a continued rebellion in my stomach.

After what seemed a very long time of our starting and halting, the sun came up out of the low country and showed itself. The angle from us was as if we viewed a cartwheel from

a church steeple. Such a phenomenon in itself would have been curious enough to pay for some effort. But we were bent upon other things, those who still held out, so we gave it very brief attention. Adjusting our colored glasses, for we had been warned against the glare of a tropical sun upon the snow, we thrust our sandals into the path and kept on.

By this time it was pure doggedness with the best of us, and we had reached an altitude of some sixteen thousand feet. As the snow began to melt, the difficulty was increased. Often our foothold gave way so that the desperate climbing of a full long minute was lost by a single slip. The need of stopping to rest became more and more frequent. One man, indeed, a physician, about fifty years old, had been obliged from the first to lie down every few feet. Now he was far below most of us and it seemed useless for him to think even of reaching where we were. Yet he kept on.

When we were two-thirds of the way up my nausea, which I had attributed to the smoke, left me. The chief cause of this feeling is doubtless inequality of pressure upon the organs, and particularly failure of the heart to adjust itself to lessened resistance

upon the arteries. One authority says that bubbles form in the blood-vessels. With some climbers mere weariness probably accounts for more than they are aware.

Whatever had been the cause of my own ills, they were all forgotten when the break in the everlasting curve was actually seen; and when we had won the battle I felt like a war-horse. Others apparently were as much elated, though some postal cards that we wrote did prove rather shaky.

Most of us carried our own blankets, barometers, and lunch-boxes all the way. After mere "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" of general admiration, we attended first to the lunch-boxes, and afterward to the barometer and similar matters.

The crater of Popocatepetl is at the very middle of the perfect dome. Its rim is unbroken all around and is of nearly equal height, though the side at which we looked over is a little lower than the other. It was topped then by a smooth abrupt wall of hard snow about six feet high. From side to side it is fully six hundred yards—surprisingly large. It is more than five hundred feet deep and some two hundred yards wide at the bot-

tom, where there is a sulphur lake. The color of this is green—not greenish like sea water, but green.

At several points in the side of the old crater are little holes as large as a man's wrist, from which sulphur smoke issues with an unpleasant hissing noise. All the sides of the crater are decidedly warm, though not too hot to touch. We went down some little distance. We measured, guessed, commented, gazed, and wondered.

Then we started toward the world again. When we were ten minutes downward, which would mean a good hour's distance in the opposite direction, we met Perez with the doctor and a school teacher in tow. He afterward succeeded in landing them at the top, though not within the hour.

Thus far scenic effects have hardly been mentioned. During the grim effort to get up we took little notice of them, beyond marveling at the sunrise so far below us. When at the summit, we could see less than must at times be possible, for there were cloud masses lower down. The impression of distance is not so great as on one New England mountain of local celebrity which rises a thousand

feet above its surroundings. From such a petty height every distance and bulk is appreciated, and level fields seem to be very far below. They are not too far to seem far. But from old Popo the eye cannot measure by anything. Everything is gigantic and in equality of proportion, for the things below which are not gigantic are lost altogether. Yet the clouds and the snow, and the colors upon both, and the shapes of mountains, and the blue of the upper sky (for there is a lower sky also, to one who climbs)—all this gives a feeling not easily to be described nor soon forgotten. Two other snow-capped mountains stood in view above the vapors: Orizaba, a few feet higher than Popo, and Ixtaccihuatl, not quite so high. The valleys were so full of dense, perfectly white and level-lying clouds that it seemed every time we looked as if we could sit upon a straw mat and slide down the snow, across the snowy cloud reaches, and up the other side.

Most of the party did slide down on the snow crust, but two of us were obliged to walk for lack of a man with an iron-bound stick to steer the craft. We walked when we did not run or sprawl, the guides calling after

us, *"Despacito"* ("A *teeny* bit slow!") at every jump or slip. Their caution was wise, no doubt, but we had lost all respect for them. We brought on ourselves more local soreness of muscles from this coming down than from going up; but we enjoyed the descent and arrived at the snow line soon after those who slid. In another half-hour we were at the shanty.

The only visible mementos of the ascent that I took with me were my sandals, which weeks afterward I threw away in despair for the bad odor of the native-tanned leather, and a small piece of sulphur, which I had the pleasure of giving to Mr. William Jennings Bryan next day in a railway train. For circumstantial evidence that our party did make this journey, therefore, I can now point only to the mountain itself. Any investigating person will find that it stands there in actuality, just as I have said.

Our goggles had not prevented some cases of inflammation from the glare, and sunburn is a mild word for what we suffered; but on the whole the hardships and difficulties were not so great as we had thought possible, for they were all such that we got over them.

Popocatepetl, smooth, even dome that it is, is doubtless one of the easiest mountains on the globe upon which to reach so great a height. There are no glaciers, no treacherous ravines, none of the special terrors that attend mountain climbing elsewhere. One's trying experiences are likely to arise for the most part from within. However, he must be a hardened climber indeed to whom the ascent would appear commonplace.

XVI

TOWNS AND MORE TOWNS

IT would be resented by enthusiasts for each town if I should say that Morelia, to the northeast of Mexico City, in the state of Michoacan, and Guadalajara, three times its size, in the state of Jalisco, look in any way alike; that there are no differences worth noting between Guanajuato and Queretaro, capitals of two neighboring states of the same names to the north of the Federal District; or that between Aguas Calientes and San Luis Potosi, similarly related to two states in the next tier northward, though still four hundred miles from the border, one might be at a loss to distinguish. There are differences in setting, altitude, latitude, mean temperature, numerical population, and chief industries. Guadalajara has for sale its famous pottery, and Aguas Calientes its even better known Mexican drawn-work on linen. Guanajuato has its mint and its mines which do add land-

marks to the surrounding hillsides, its really splendid theater, and its gruesome catacombs. In Queretaro they will show you a chapel on the site of Maximilian's execution, and the church of Santa Rosa which claimed the enthusiastic praise of Charles Dudley Warner for its unsurpassed wood carving, its wealth of gold leaf decoration, and its beautiful paintings. There are the features of local pride and interest; but after all a description of one town, as seen by a northerner, would read very much like the description of another. One tires of those worthies, Cortez and Maximilian, after a time. If, as in the Queretaro church, one learns that a superb altar piece was burned, not from public necessity, as Juarez ordered many things destroyed, but by the French in mere greed and wantonness, one's flagging interest revives. It is always stimulating to have something that one can resent.

On the whole, even the tourist is likely to imbibe something of the quiescent mood of the country. It is not inherent and peculiar to Mexicans; the animals have it. Though very little of a horseman, I have ridden young stallions in Mexico as unhesitatingly as I

would ride old Dobbin on the New England farm, and with as little danger. I have gone through yards full of mules, and suffered no harm. They clatter in strings along the highways without a strap except the girth of the pack saddle, and driven by one small boy for a dozen or twenty mules. I never saw one show signs of viciousness. One will kick, naturally, if he gets his leg over a chain trace. Bulls are driven along the roads by children; at different times, on foot or on horseback, I have passed scores and they always gave me the road. The explanation I have never heard. One man says it is in the breeding; but why should breeding have happened to affect them all so—horses, mules, cattle? Another asserts that it is in the fodder—one feeding a day of barley and barley straw will not make an animal very spirited, he says. But on this same fodder the animals show remarkable strength and endurance and keep in condition if otherwise well treated. Neither do they show absence of life in its harmless demonstrations. The peculiarity is not due to uniformly humane treatment I can vouch, nor can animals be cowed by any crueler treatment there than some receive in the United

States. Rattlesnakes around Lake Chapala almost never bite. It must be "the Mexican habit," which, contrary to the usual idea, is non-aggressive. The tourist gets it, and becomes willing to sit in the central park of any typical Mexican town—the park is always there—and let life pass by for his delectation or enlightenment. This experience is about the same in any of the places mentioned.

There is a town, Pachuca, that deserves special description as unique. It has a park, but it has an almost perpetual cold wind, and frequent storms that make sitting in the park an uneasy enjoyment. It is in the bottom of a cup, with only one low side, toward Mexico City, from which three railroads come out the sixty miles and terminate. Down the sides of this cup, in the rainy season, the water rushes till the streets, flooded from all sides, become rivers. Through a little gap in the high wall the northern winds drive with violence. In the dry season only a few years ago men killed each other quarreling over a bucketful of water. Now the water of a beautiful mountain lake has been piped into town and the poor who cannot have it in their houses may draw it from public hydrants, except when

the Governor has diverted too much to his private fields and gardens. Still, in the dry season there is cause enough to look eagerly for rains. Every wind bears clouds of blinding and pestilential dust, and the whole surrounding of the place is a desert.

In the rainy season, from May to September, visited with the other extreme, people pray for the freshets to cease. Every morning is an amethyst above and an emerald under foot; but every afternoon the clouds blacken and the floods come. Market women have been drowned in the streets.

Forty thousand people live here, including perhaps a hundred Americans and the remnants of a colony of Cornish miners—tin miners they were in Cornwall—who lived here for thirty or forty years. One by one the Cornish families are going back home now to live henceforth on what Mexico has bestowed. And what makes the place? Silver. Silver and *pulque.* The only crop grown with any large success in the immediate neighborhood is the maguey, from which the national intoxicant is made. One English millionaire owes a large part of his fortune to his activity in *pulque,* and there are several members of his

family personally the worse for too much use of it. Maguey was grown by the Indians before the Spaniards came, but silver is the chief local interest. There are about three hundred mines in the vicinity and some of them have been worked since early in the sixteenth century, till the output must be estimated in billions of dollars. The claim marks, the piles of *tepetate* (refuse), the yawning mouths of tunnels, and the curious mine buildings lend variety to the precipitous hillsides. The silver that they yielded, until a few years ago, went the sixty miles to Mexico by stage or mule train. As late as 1901 there was no bank, and paper money was unfamiliar. The Mexican silver dollar, the *peso,* then worth about forty-three cents, was almost the only familiar unit of value, and a man who had a month's salary about him, unless poorly paid, was grievously burdened. It was no uncommon sight to see a servant accompanying some one on his way to a business appointment literally staggering under a load of dollars. It is not quite true to say that this dollar was or is the only familiar unit. It is the official unit, the unit in business. But the market women cannot reckon in *pesos* nor in

centavos. They hold by the old Spanish scheme of *real* (shilling), half-*real,* and quarter-*real,* which runs into fractions. This, however, little irks them, for they sell only a *real's* or a *cuartillo's* worth at a time. If you want five times the amount, you repeat the transaction five times. It is forbidden to buy or sell merchandise by any but the metric units or to reckon money by other than the decimal system. A weighing scale cannot be imported unless with whatever other markings it may have it bears the metric scheme of grammes, kilogrammes, etc. In the markets the law is relaxed, seeing that it is hard for the common people to change, but in shops it is usually enforced. An inspector of weights and measures was in a small drygoods place when a boy asked for a *vara* (about a yard) of cloth. "We sell it by the meter, thirty *centavos,*" said the proprietor. "But I don't know *meter,*" protested the boy; "how much would a *vara* be?" "Well, a *vara* would be about twenty-five *centavos,*" vouchsafed the man. The boy asked for a *vara,* paid twenty-five *centavos,* and went out. "You are fined," said the inspector, "for selling cloth by the *vara.*" "How much am I fined?" asked the

shopkeeper. "Twenty *reales,*" pronounced the inspector, half severely, half indulgently. "But you have imposed my fine in *reales,*" exclaimed the shopkeeper, "and therefore you also are fined." Both men laughed, neither fine was paid, and the inspector afterward told me the story on himself.

XVII

A RIDE TO REGLA

AT ten one morning, though six would have been a better time, we left Pachuca on two hired horses, bound for Regla. An hour's riding over the famous road to Real del Monte, along which many a fabulous fortune of silver has gone by mule-cart and whose sharp turns have witnessed many a bold bandit adventure, then a short canter across a flat, and we came to "the Real."

A little way back we had seen a man wearing a blanket that we coveted for its rich colors and its characteristic Mexican design. Now, as we dismounted, he was coming into sight, and I went to greet him, with some compliments regarding the blanket. He was soon prompted to offer it for ten pesos (five dollars) and to explain how an old woman among the mountains of Puebla had woven it for him. For eight *pesos*, after some argu-

ment, the blanket was bought. It was well bundled and well wrapped, as its condition required, but we were sure that after thorough washing it would come out as beautiful as an Oriental rug, nor were we to be disappointed. Perhaps we ought to have paid the ten *pèsos,* but we were not clear about it and there was no one to arbitrate.

Having greeted the native Protestant pastor and his wife, we went up the street a few doors to take dinner with "Aunt Mary," a good soul whose title of affection had become so familiar among English and American miners for fifty miles around that she was scarcely known, even at the post office, by any other name, and all the shopkeepers had learned to call her by the Spanish equivalent, "*la tia Maria.*" More than twenty years she had remained in this place, ten thousand feet high, where husband and brothers, miners all, had lost their lives, and where she was soon to end her own, though we did not know that the present meal was the last we should have with her. So, here and there, no doubt there are many solitary foreign women who stay to do good in a land where they have suffered.

The hottest two hours of the day being

over, we took leave of "Aunt Mary," made our little contribution toward the charities that she was dispensing every day from slender means, and joined the friendly minister, who was going toward Regla as far as Velasco. Pleasant chatting carried us through Omitlan to his destination, a little farm village among the mountains.

Cornish "pasties," strong tea, and saffron cake full of plums, all pressed upon us by the bountiful *"tia Maria"* at noontime, now inclined us more to repose than to exertion. Rain, also, began to threaten, and we hesitated. Soon, however, we were to leave the republic, and Regla, so long heard about, might remain by us forever unvisited. So we kept on through San Antonio, turning to the right from that hamlet to an interesting and beautiful blue lake, the *Ojo de Agua*. We retraced to San Antonio and took the opposite direction to Regla, arriving there at a quarter before five o'clock.

When we reached the gate of an old *hacienda* it was with half a feeling of distrust that we entered, being told that so we could best see the noted falls. Inside and at the left of the entrance is a venerable chapel. At the

right of the entrance is an exceedingly quaint garden with steps leading up to a quainter balcony, which runs along the side of a great nondescript building and terminates in something like a conservatory. Clearly there are living apartments beyond that, and pleasant they must be. From the office a courteous Spanish-looking young man came out, invited us to dismount, and told us that we could reach the falls only by walking. He furnished us a guide with keys and we started along a way which presently became a tunnel, then an arched and vaulted succession of underground chambers where smelting appears to have been done, then, emerging again after we had despaired of it, opened into a path along the edge of a ravine. Our guide told us naïvely that the subterranean passage was haunted, but that he himself had never seen anything ghostly. He assured us, however, that it is "*una cosa muy espantosa*" (a very frightful thing).

Moving along the ravine, we came at last to a sight of two high natural walls, approaching each other at an angle; and gurgling and plunging down between them at their point of greatest nearness, a waterfall. This, though

not wonderful in size or height, is a joyful thing to look at, and would in itself have repaid us for the journey. What attracted our attention most was the columns that form the two rocky converging walls. They are nearly perfect hexagonal prisms, basaltic in the popular sense, whether or not in the mineralogist's definition, and about three and one-half feet in diameter. Their height was not easy to determine, but I judged it to be some hundred and fifty feet. Most remarkable, I think, is a broken formation by which at one place not the sides but the smooth ends of the prisms are exposed to view, though considerably inclined upward. To the right and left of these are columns that stand erect, and above them are short stumps that are also perfectly upright.

The *hacienda,* church, and connected dwellings were built about a hundred years ago by the famous Count of Regla. The cost of construction may have been millions of dollars. Hours would be well spent in exploring the place, for which we had only minutes. This Count of Regla was the rich man who endowed the National Pawn Shop of Mexico. He it was who lent the Spanish crown a mil-

lion *pesos* and offered if the king would visit him to pave the coach road with silver for his coming.

Again on horseback, having given our thanks to the Spanish-looking young man and our *peseta* to the guide, we started homeward.

The country from Regla to Omitlan is as unlike the barren Pachuca plain and hillsides as could well be. Cattle are grazing, crops are growing luxuriantly, the road has a consistency of genuine earth under foot, and there is green everywhere. The peasants' huts are cleaner and much more comfortable, the simple costumes of carriers and donkey drivers give signs of acquaintance with water, here and there are little shady groves where rabbits skip; and all is a picture of simple, rural prosperity. Velasco and Omitlan, but for the Indian blankets and wide hats and the low style of buildings, are like contented, hill-surrounded farm villages at home.

One slope as we came along startled us by what seemed to be multitudes of glaring lights. They proved to be the points of a thousand maguey plants, wet with a little shower that was all the outcome of earlier cloudy threatenings, and now all aglow with

red reflection from the setting sun. I had seen windows lighted up so, but never anything in nature. The flash of a thousand polished spears could not have been more brilliant.

A maguey field has other beautiful phases. One that I must mention belongs not to the cultivated field but to the native growth on many a hillside. It occurs when a sprout twenty to thirty feet high has shot up from the heart of each mature plant and burst into wonderful bloom, when the morning damp is on them all, and when thousands of hummingbirds of different varieties, like small animate jewels, dart to and fro among them. The field that we were now passing was, of course, not under cultivation for beauty; and its yield would be taken before it could ever blossom.

Still later, for night was approaching, we looked through the notch in the mountains beyond which we knew was Real del Monte, and saw framed between their dark masses that beautiful constellation, the Southern Cross, which has an additional charm for the fancy because from our latitude at home it is never seen. This cluster of beacons was before us continually as we galloped along the shadowy

roads for an hour, finally slacking rein and breath within a few moments' ride of "the Real." On Saturday night there is just enough chance of slightly unpleasant encounters to make a spice in the after recollection. Twenty years ago all this neighborhood was thoroughly infested by bandits. Babes have grown to manhood in the villages since then, however, without knowing any worse fear than of some drunken miner who might give trouble. True, this argues that the hand of Diaz at his prime was steady and strong; but it argues more than that. It is proof that the rank and file of Mexican citizens in places like this desire order and quiet, and given proper firmness in controlling the few unruly spirits that always appear in a mining country, they will live together as peacefully as good citizens anywhere.

A little before eight o'clock we were again with our friends in their pretty flower-hidden parsonage, where we were to spend the night.

An incident of one trip to Real del Monte has always returned to me with peculiar pathos. On a high hill overlooking "The Real," where it can be seen for miles around, is the cemetery of the English people of Pa-

chuca and Real del Monte, enclosed by a white wall. It has been there now for more than a generation, and there are graves enough to keep each other company. I happened along as a child's funeral was approaching and waited to attend. From the foot of the hill the coffin is always carried up by two sets of bearers, alternating as often as they need. No hired person ever touches a shovel to a grave. All such labor is performed by friends and neighbors, which is peculiarly significant in this country where no white man does manual work. On this particular occasion all the children of the colony, between fifty and a hundred, attended, dressed in black and white and carrying wreaths. While no lover of funerals, I have remembered this one as signifying the group unity of fellow-countrymen in a strange land. I felt as if something almost traitorous were being done when last spring, ten years later, I found all the prosperous families of the colony going home. A rather melancholy fact for the less prosperous who remain! They will become identified with the new American colony that is growing up, and as a consoling tie some of their former neighbors will still be represented by sons and

daughters to whom England is not home, and who, though jealously claiming citizenship as Britons, find that they cannot be happy away from the land of their birth. Strange ramifications of interest and sentiment indeed, come of life in a foreign country.

XVIII

THE WEST AND NORTH

TWO young friends of mine who were going from eastern New York to Mexico thought California so little out of their way that they would be foolish not to include it in their journey, which they did. They got a check cashed in San Francisco and made a new beginning; a railway ticket to Mexico City costs more from San Francisco than from Toronto. To infer that Mexico has a long coast line on the west will not be going astray. Those who are fresh from school geography will disdain the weakness of mere inference here; and you may feel about equally superior if you have lately referred to a map. My friends were describing almost an equilateral triangle, so that after three thousand miles of travel they found themselves little nearer their destination than before.

Maps and other sources of indirect knowl-

edge are likely to play a larger part in our acquaintance with the rest of the republic. Whoever has gone over as much ground as we have now covered and does not find his allotted time well toward its end, is no mere winter tourist. He may be the prospective author of some first-hand studies among the aborigines of "Unknown Mexico," or of investigations concerning the economic and social conditions which have lately been characterized under the strong phrase, "Barbarous Mexico," or of learned disquisitions on fauna and flora, on geology, or archæology, or what not. He may be an intending settler, a prospector or a dawdler. Whatever he is, he may be well enough in his way; but to the brisk and somewhat careless traveler he is of course no companion.

Toward home then we shall be gradually making our way, alert for any thought of somebody else that may help us to generalize, sympathetic and intelligent now toward many things that a little while back we dismissed simply as barbarous, by an insidious process turned students of prosaic books of reference during odd hours upon train or in hotel, finding nothing dull which broadens our acquaint-

ance with this country of our travel. It has become the way of the three months' visitor "to love that well which he must leave ere long."

Western Mexico has two beautiful lakes which might have been named along with the cities of Morelia and Guanajuato some time ago. One is Patzcuaro, dutifully described by almost every writer because of the painting of the Descent from the Cross at Tzintzuntzan attributed to Titian, Cabrera, Ibarra, and other great or lesser artists. The second lake, Chapala, is the largest in Mexico and the most popular for vacations. Both lakes are full of fish and haunted by game and song birds. Both are high and have a delightful climate.

Among the sierras of the west live tribes of Indians acknowledging no allegiance to the Mexican government, little touched by any religion except that of their forefathers, little altered in customs or life by contact with white men, and thousands of them unable to speak Spanish. They differ markedly in type, one tribe from another, there being one popularly called *Chinos* by the Mexicans because of their Mongolian appearance.

The map and the guide-book—for we must resume our journey—will tell us that even more than our own country, Mexico has been slow to develop along its western slope. Acapulco, some three hundred miles north of Salina Cruz, has a harbor generally conceded to be the best natural port in America, and one of the finest in the world, offering without man's effort advantages for which substitutes have been so costly at Vera Cruz and Tampico. Acapulco is completely land-locked, with high protecting hills, and amid characteristic tropical scenery. Some dredging is needed to make it of use for the largest steamers. Here the galleons of the old Spanish traders used to put in, and the buccaneers that pursued them. Fortifications were built in the seventeenth century, and for more than a hundred years this was the entry port for all the traffic of Spain, not only with her Philippine possessions, but also with India. Cargoes were unloaded, packed across the isthmus about four hundred miles to Vera Cruz, and reshipped. But of late a port without a railroad could not flourish, so Acapulco has not greatly prospered. The Cuernavaca division of the Mexican Railway is being extended,

and when it reaches the coast Acapulco will assume importance. Manzanillo, already having railway connections over the "Central" by way of Guadalajara, but lacking complete harbor protection as yet, is another port destined to grow. San Blas, yet a little to the north, then Mazatlan, and last, halfway up the east side of the Gulf of California, Guaymas, make a succession of harbors most of which are too shallow for large vessels, but all such as can be deepened, all well protected, or capable of being made so, all extremely beautiful. Absence of railroad facilities, which are just now being provided, has left undisturbed in these towns a great deal that is quaint, while being on the coast, they have slowly gathered strange accretions of life from every quarter of the globe. You may sit in the plaza and study them. There are more various breeds of people than in the interior and more variously mixed. Over there is a Chinaman with the bundle of linen that seems the attribute of a Chinaman the world over; and those girls just beyond moving along with a gait that is half glide and half waddle might be his daughters. They are more probably the daughters of some Chinese

shopkeeper who plainly has a Mexican (Indian) wife. Of complexion they have rather more than either of their parents are likely to have had—a decided pink with a waxy cream color. You do not know after looking twice whether to call them pretty or repellent; but they look clean, healthy, and satisfied with life.

The negroes that pass now and then do not differ much in appearance from those to be seen in the Carolinas, though most of them, if you listen, are talking Spanish.

This mother with three children is a mongrel-looking female—one may say it with slight shame and not unkindly since no other phrase describes a jaded creature in whom the Aztec, the African, and the Iberian are all mingled, and if not badly mingled have still not fortified her to make more than sad, persevering battle with life and frequent maternity. But do you notice how immaculate are the starched clothes of the three children and how almost pathetically clean her own cheap garments? Have you any notion how much work is involved to make the integuments of four as clean as that? Your laundry bills may at times have given you a hint that did

not belittle it. And this woman has either devoted such an amount of work for to-day's outing or paid some one yet poorer to do it. Smile if you will as she sends one of her progeny back to the *dulce* man with a goody that he has already begun to enjoy, but which she fears is not wholesome, and the *dulce* man, with the universal complacency of the land, submits to an exchange. So you might smile if you could witness the housekeeping of this mother of a family. More scrubbing will be done in a week than we might think necessary for a month; but the tolerance of all kinds of filth within arm's length of the door, unless some public authority looks after it, is a thing to admire. She is cleanly, but she does not know what sanitation means. She has a craving for beauty, as the personal bedeckments of the family attest; but she has neither cultured tastes nor the unspoiled instinct for simplicity of some of her ancestors. She has a spark of aspiration after various things if only her aspiration were well directed and she were not so fragile a piece of yellow clay.

That peon on the other side of the walk is *borracho,* which being interpreted means drunk—very drunk. The well meaning

young fellow of his own class who shakes him and is greeted with a muddled but emphatic protest, wishes to save him if possible from being helped away by a policeman. "You don't want a trip to the *Valle Nacional,* do you?" he inquires in answer to the protest; and the name has a sobering effect. Unless you have been reading books you will not know what the *Valle Nacional* is; but the *borracho* has an idea. The name is burned in on his mind so that even an excess of *pulque* or other drink does not wholly obliterate it. It is the place, so he believes, where a fellow arrested for being disorderly may find himself consigned to help raise some of the best tobacco in the world, under such climate and conditions that he will not last for more than one crop. The poor people have their bugaboos, many of which are unsubstantial, and *Valle Nacional* is one of them. The army is another, and the army has shown itself decidedly unsubstantial on occasions. Why not, if composed of men to whom it was a bugaboo until it became an unwelcome reality?

This woman with the powder so thick on her face and the ludicrous grandee air is the wife of some small merchant of European or

mixed blood, and the young Indian girl, so much superior to her in physique, in comeliness, and in apparent interest in life, is her servant.

On paper, that is in books planned so as not to need revision for two or three years, railroad connection is complete from Guanajuato all the way up the coast through the ports and beyond to Nogales, Arizona. In fact there are gaps as yet in the southern part. For the immediate present the tourist will choose a route farther eastward. There are three principal routes from the capital to the United States: one by Zacatecas, Torreon, and Chihuahua to El Paso, Texas; one turning a little eastward at Torreon to Eagle Pass, Texas; and one still farther to the east by way of Monterey, entering the United States at Laredo, Texas. Each of the American border cities has its neighboring Mexican town just over the line: for Nogales, Arizona, Nogales in Sonora; for El Paso, Texas, Juarez in Chihuahua; for Eagle Pass, Texas, Ciudad Porfirio Diaz in Coahuila; for Laredo, Texas, Nuevo Laredo in Tamaulipas.

Mention ought to be made of Durango, a fine city of 40,000 inhabitants, which is

reached by a side trip of six to seven hours southwestward from Torreon, which with an altitude of six thousand feet has a delightful climate, and about which is an interesting region but little developed. The country is mountainous and full of mineral deposits. Fish and game abound.

Zacatecas, hidden in a ravine between silver-bearing mountains, has a population of thirty-five thousand and is noted for mining, for churches, and for nearness to some interesting ruins, La Quemada. The climate is not one of the attractions though the scenery has a barren beauty. A trip to a mine is sometimes made part of a visit here. My own acquaintance with silver mines happens to have been made at another famous camp, but essentials would not differ. A tram car drawn by mules is the most likely conveyance from town. Stone or plastered and whitewashed monuments on the hillside indicate the boundaries of the "claim." When the actual buildings are reached, the departments working above ground are too numerous to mention—offices, assaying rooms, sorting, grinding, washing, packing rooms, blacksmithing and repair shops, smelters, etc. Many cripples

of the industry find employment in these superterranean departments. The man who drives nails in that "skip" is blind of one eye, the man who turns the wheel over there at the bellows is totally blind, and yonder you may notice a poor fellow standing on a wooden prop which serves as a leg. These are natives. But here comes a young Englishman from the chief office who lost his arm only six months ago through some mishandling or imperfection of a machine. You have bespoken a pleasure about as grim as visiting the forge of Hephæstus. Along with the blind and the cripples, you look every moment for dwarfs and giants. Now enter through the long tunnel where you see the little flat cars issuing drawn by mules, and keep close to your guide. The walls of the tunnel are part masonry, part natural rock. When you reach the far end of this nearly horizontal tunnel, you are already far under a hill. The elevator or "cage" will take you up the shaft to the surface, or down to lower and lower levels. Notice the great pumping engine lifting thousands of gallons of gray mine water per minute, night and day, and always under careful watch, to keep the whole enterprise from be-

ing submerged. In some places you would still find only bull hides, roughly sewed and used as buckets, strings of them being hauled to the surface; but you are visiting a somewhat modernized establishment. There are sixteen different levels, one below the other, to which you may plunge in this cage of yours, till your technical friend tells you you are only a petty two or three thousand feet above sea level and your sensations tell you that hell cannot be far below. Along every level run narrow shafts, broadened wherever rich ore has appeared in quantity. Along every shaft crouch men and little children, half naked, under their dripping loads. Over each group of Indian laborers is a Mexican, an English, or quite possibly an American boss, his lamp, a candle, stuck upon his hat with soft clay. He himself does no work except in emergency—no white man in Mexico above or below ground does manual work—but even so his position does not provoke envy. Heat, blackness of thick darkness, strange half-muffled, reverberant sounds, a sense of pressure in the ears and of deadly weight upon the lungs, a saturating drip, drip at every turn, and confused glimpses now and then of

human figures at toil—this is about all that the casual visitor to a mine can record. Above ground again you may watch to see how the workers emerge and will observe them riding upon an open "skip"—not a "cage" this time —some standing upon the low edge and reaching over to cling to the rope by which the car is hoisted. Deaths, you are told, are only moderately numerous, the greatest numbers being on Mondays or following feast days when *pulque* has been imbibed. The Mexican laborer is not lazy on a work day, but if free to do so he will observe all the festivals and memorials, for he is a creature of custom. The mules that you see mixing the great *torta* (cake) of amalgam out there are not creatures of custom and do not observe holidays nor die with incontinent suddenness; but they have shockingly sore legs from the effect of vitriol in the mixture. They are relieved, when too much affected, and used by way of change to turn the great rolling stone that grinds the ore. You may console yourself that modern stamp mills are displacing this invention of 1557 as well as some of the uses of human labor just shown you. And yet there are to this day also mines where peons

toil to the surface upon notched tree trunks for ladders, denied even the perilous aid of the "skip." By means thus widely varying, Mexico leads the world as a source of silver, with forty million dollars' worth annually, stands well up in the list of gold-producing countries, with twenty-four million dollars' worth, is second to the United States in copper production, with an annual yield of thirteen million dollars' worth, and is third for output of lead, though for this the figure seems small—three and one-half million dollars' worth. Silver, gold, copper, and lead are very commonly found two or three together, a mine being operated for the predominant metal, while assays are made for the others as by-products. The subject of mining would repay further discussion if we were either investigators or formal students.

Torreon, with a population of fourteen thousand, has its chief distinction in being a railway junction as already indicated. An accident to our train made me acquainted with it, and I found it a good deal Americanized. Chihuahua is even more so, being nearer the border, and is twice as large. Silver smelters—for still we are in the region of

rich silver mines—iron foundries, and factories give it a modern air. Hidalgo, the "Author of Mexican Liberty," was put to death here in 1811. Though the city of Chihuahua is chiefly famous for the raising of a useless and sickly kind of dog, it is the capital of a state larger than Ohio and Pennsylvania combined. This area is sparsely populated by Tarahumare Indians, the best runners in the world, and by miners and ranchmen, many of whom are Americans. It is the old sister state of Texas, and like it in having vast regions devoted to cattle raising. Lumbering and silver mining are also among the industries.

XIX

TIDES THAT MEET

A WRITER in a religious weekly not long ago spoke of the twentieth century as being on one side of the Rio Grande, and the sixteenth on the other. No one would expect this altogether to be the case, and yet one is constantly surprised to find how far it is from being so. Monterey is about as American a city as San Antonio, and San Antonio lacks little of being as Mexican as Monterey. The baggage man, the customs agent, and lately, by reason of a decree, the train conductor also are of quite different types on the two sides of the line; and from these one might easily generalize. But an article by Charles Moreau Harger in the *Outlook* for January 25, 1911, apropos of the admission to statehood of Arizona and New Mexico, reveals that on the American side from Brownsville, Texas, to San Diego, California, the "twentieth century" is only

blended with the sixteenth. From the Gulf to the Pacific, the quiet, non-official population who have nothing to do with large affairs but are so important in any prophecy regarding the future character of a region, has a considerable residue of the Mexican to whom the whole southwest once belonged. He is the "native," here as in Mexico itself. Forty-one per cent. of the population of New Mexico are Spanish American; there are 135,000 of them in this one state. How many more are of mixed blood would be hard to guess, but the number is certainly large.

The Mexican, as a rule, is without strong national or racial antipathies. Says a friend of mine who has studied the subject for years: "They are the amalgamators of all races. Large numbers of the poorer Mexicans are coming to the United States now and by intermarriage will do much to solve the negro problem and the Indian problem. What the final race will be I cannot predict, but my observation makes me think it will be good. There are at present about as many Mexicans as there are American negroes in this southern strip; and the amalgamation can be seen all along the border, especially in San An-

tonio, Texas. There is a city by itself in San Antonio where all the breeds may be studied by any one who will take the trouble." As well as the poor, some Mexican families of means and culture have always remained in the United States since the border was shifted southward to include them.

On the other hand, the aggressive American is in evidence on the southern as well as the northern side of the border, occupying the positions in which initiative and the ability to manage would naturally place him. Nor is he the only modifying influence. "From all these colonies in the United States Mexicans and mixed bloods who have got a little American education are constantly going back to Mexico along with the Americans who go looking for land. The flow southward will increase now that the free land in the United States is nearly all taken. The Roosevelt Dam and other projects, and the statehood of Arizona and New Mexico, will hasten the movement. The national line has little effect to stop it."

In Torreon, you will remember my saying, I experienced one of the delays that still occur from time to time on Mexican railroads,

or on our own, for that matter. I entered a barber shop and asked to be shaved, putting the request as well as I could in Spanish. "Beg pardon, sir! What did you say?" was the rather sharp response. "Oh, then you speak English?" said I. "Yes," answered the man, "and it's lucky, for I don't speak anything else."

This man was an American, plying his trade over two hundred miles from our border, yet without knowledge of any tongue but our own; and the incident occurred ten years ago.

There was a young Texan in our party who was on his way homeward to repair ill health, and who could not eat buffet rations. I had tried repeatedly to get him some American crackers or English biscuits—quite similar articles under a different name,—but the Mexican shops that I entered could not supply either. I asked my barber friend if he could help me to what was wanted. "There is an American grocer three or four doors below," he replied. In this grocery, also, English was of course the language of trade, though Spanish may have been used on occasion. I found that one could do better with

good English than with lame Castilian in the town generally.

In the "Pullman," which was to go as far as Mexico City, the capital and very heart of the republic, I heard a party of Mexicans trying to make their wants understood. "Oh, I don't *comprende* what you *quiere!*" (don't know what you want!) was the exclamation of the negro porter. The number of Americans traveling by Mexican railroads is proportionately larger than would be supposed, if third-class passengers be left out of reckoning. Particularly is this true in sleeping-cars. So our porter had a not unaccountable feeling that English was the language of his realm, and that aliens ought to learn English before coming in. The steward in the same train called upon some passenger to interpret, when he wished to buy watermelons of a native.

All Pullman conductors in Mexico, so far as I have ever observed, speak English. Most of them are Americans, by birth or adoption. It is true that they all speak Spanish. There has lately been made a law that porters also must know Spanish; but the need of such a law explains itself. Fancy a law requiring

similar officials in the United States to know English!

It is not surprising that English should make some way southward over the boundary. So does Spanish penetrate northward, for the matter of that. But the exchange is not equal in amount, as the Mexicans emigrate less and travel less than we. There are several thousand resident Americans in Mexico City alone, to say nothing about the multitude of tourists. If the linguistic movement southward continues to be more than the counter movement, plainly the line of contact will itself gradually be moved. There is hardly a Mexican urchin selling fruit or papers along the railroads within fifty miles of the Rio Grande who does not know at least some colloquial phrases of English. This becomes less and less true, indeed, as one progresses southward. But one is never surprised to be asked by some russet-faced tatterdemalion, "You want the paper?" "You want some fruit?" and—this is a parenthesis—English reappears more prominently than ever at the capital. Ask a Mexico City policeman in very simple English where some important building is, and quite probably he will tell

you. Walk into any large shop and ask for what you want, and if the clerk does not understand "United States" he will call some one who does.

Let me suggest a few reasons for the spread of English among our neighbors on the south. The first shall be a negative reason. Hating Spain as they do, and with more cause, historically speaking, than ever estranged us from our British cousins, Mexicans have no great tenacity for the Spanish language. I am not wholly accounting for the fact; but at least it is a fact. Before I have ended, this will have become more apparent.

A second reason for the tendency mentioned is the dearth of modern writing in Spanish upon scientific and technical subjects. If a young man expects to go far in the study of architecture or engineering, he must read English, because enough books in Spanish do not exist, original or translated. French works are all that could be desired for æsthetic treatment, but not as touching practical questions of construction. German is learned only with difficulty, being more purely Teutonic. If the student turns his attention to medicine,

he must do his reading in either French or English. French has been preferred, but English is displacing it. The same is true of any theology save that of the Roman church. The most important school of Protestant theology in the republic prescribes its reading courses in English throughout, most of the teachers being Americans.

The inadequacy of Spanish was smartly alluded to once by a young Englishman of my acquaintance. At a dinner party where no other foreigner was present, he sat next a young woman who lacked the usual courtesy of her nation and who was disposed to humiliate him. Having noticed his difficulty in Spanish, she made him confess that he knew but little French or German. "Then, sir, pray what do you speak?" asked she. "Señorita, thanks be to Heaven, I speak English very well," came the retort. "One who can do that need not learn all the other languages. English will take me wherever I wish to go, and whatever I wish to read I can read in English." Blunt as was the answer, their Mexican host applauded it.

The commercial aggressiveness of Americans and English is recognized as one cause

of the great strides made by our language the world over, and not less in Mexico than elsewhere. Already English is, more than Spanish, the medium of large business transactions in the capital. This is more easily understood the more one looks at statistics. According to estimates something like a billion of American dollars is invested in Mexico.

Our linguistic stupidity and obstinacy may be regarded as a cause of our linguistic triumphs. In Mexico, Germans are considered the best foreigners because of their quickness to acquire both speech and customs, while English and Americans are universally known as the worst. Any of us who is even a little instructed has frequent occasion to blush for the ignorance and regardlessness of his countrymen. Hence it follows, though the argument brings us doubtful credit, that those who will treat with us must learn our ways and our speech. Most Frenchmen and practically all Germans in Mexico speak English as well as Spanish.

Mexicans know the significance of these facts, and every intelligent Mexican who does not speak English is anxious to learn. I knew well a teacher of scores of them, some

of whom can now use English almost as a native tongue; and many more would have become pupils if time could have been given them. There were two other private teachers of English in the same town, whose population, excluding illiterates, would not be more than ten thousand; and both teachers were continually refusing work. Besides this private instruction to adults, regular work in English is required of all children in public schools. From two to five years of English is given in all state institutions of higher grade, and practically the same is true of private schools.

On one occasion the American teacher mentioned was invited to call upon the principal of a large school for boys and asked to name a price for certain hours of English. The principal made some objection to his charge, whereupon the Mexican friend who introduced him declared: "The patrons of the school pay more than that for music, which is a mere ornamental accomplishment for most children. By and by, when the Yankees have finished their pacific conquest of Mexico, we shall learn which is more necessary, English or music."

The pacific conquest is going on, though it does not look at all toward political union.

To prophesy that in a few generations English will be the universal language of Mexico, would be to prophesy overmuch. Spanish has never become a universal language there. Thousands of Indians in the remote villages still retain the primitive speech of their ancestors. But in a few generations, possibly not more than two or three, English seems destined to become the language of Mexican schools and the language of Mexican society generally. We have seen that it has points of superiority as among the Mexicans themselves. I have hinted at a more potent reason for such prophecy; multiplied and growing interrelations make it increasingly desirable that we and they shall have a common speech. And when a common speech is established, it will be no artificial Esperanto, but a language that shall naturally have become the medium because of having proved itself, of the two now used between us, the more vigorous and practical for modern needs. Barring a catastrophe, that language will of course be English. At present it shows marvelous increase.

Some who have studied general movements and tendencies in the western world recognize that more than Mexico and our border states are concerned in the interplay of which we are speaking. Without any thought of political aggression the Latin influence presses outward from the strong and growing republics of South America, while the Anglo-Saxon influence, so called, just as constantly bears down from the north. Where the two tides will definitely come to a balance is not sure—that will depend on the outcome of many material and moral factors; but the Anglo-Saxon dominance appears not likely to be eliminated north of the Isthmus of Panama. All of North America will some day, we are thus constrained to believe, be one in language and civilization, one in the fundamentals that concern society, just as all South America promises to be one; and just as Canada and the United States are already one, geographers and politicians alike to the contrary. It is not government but the broader social facts that this implies.

We chose the ocean route southward to begin with, you will remember, partly because the Rio Grande looks so much alike on

its two banks; and we proposed not to be cheated of contrasting the twentieth century with the sixteenth. You may have it in mind also that for five hundred miles the border is not marked even by this puny stream, which barring times of freshet may be forded at will. We are divided only by a line on the map. Why should we not intermingle and take on each other's ways more or less, we and our so near neighbors?

XX

CUSTOMS AND COMPARISONS

THERE is very much, we discover, that we would like to have got at first hand, but must now gather in these secondary ways. Familiarity with the bullfight will not be one of them, for whoever wants to see a bullfight has opportunity enough. I myself am unacquainted from choice. Those to whom the romantic traditional associations obscure the actualities of the thing and who can think back to the old tournament jousts during a performance may enjoy it. Those who wish to read about it are advised to take Mr. Arthur M. Huntington's "Notebook in Northern Spain," Miss Katharine Lee Bates's "Spanish Highways and Byways," or any one of a number of books in which it figures, including the Mexican guide-books. To some it is only an exhibition of a poor old horse being impaled or having his entrails gored out by a tortured animal that would gladly be let

alone—sickening and revolting. Many American men who carry an air of bravado on their travels and want to see what is to be seen are unable to sit through one killing. Mexicans apologize for the institution even while they admit they enjoy it, and say that it is sure to disappear, though its death is slow. The morbid curiosity of foreigners helps to perpetuate it. I never heard a Mexican silly enough to argue that it is "less brutalizing than football," though some Americans have so argued. The infliction of bodily injury or pain is no object in football unless to some player unworthy of the game—certainly not to the spectator—while in bullfighting the glee of the whole matter is the glee of killing. If the bullfighter himself suffers, the sport is all the better for that.

Many comparisons of various kinds at first made to the detriment of Mexico are afterward revised. With writers about Mexico the "palm shack" and the "mud hut" are favorite objects of contempt. The bamboo and paper house of the Japanese is appreciated, but the Mexican palm shack, which may be a cousin to it, is still treated with derision or disgust. Yet the palm shack has its merits.

It affords excellent ventilation where ventilation is desirable; and if it is not always of marked cleanliness, neither are the places where men and women starve among us at home. At its best it may be very inviting. The "mud hut," that is the adobe house, is certainly the kind I should build in Mexico if I could spend only two or three thousand dollars on a dwelling. It is fire-proof, earthquake resisting, warm in winter, cool in summer, highly durable, and, when plastered, capable of being colored and recolored to suit the taste of the occupants, at small expense. I have mentioned one in Oaxaca that is two hundred and fifty years old and still good.

Whoever speaks of Mexico as a benighted country does not refer to the method of lighting her towns. A direct change from the candle lantern to the electric arc took place there while only the most progressive American towns had as yet adopted electric lighting. As Mexico had no natural gas, no known supply of native coal from which to make gas, and no oil except what was imported, there was every stimulus to develop her many slender but high waterfalls from which abundant electric current could be generated. Part of the

lacks named above have since been filled; though domestic coal is still not abundant, and so iron, of which there are considerable deposits, especially in Durango, is smelted at a disadvantage and in limited quantities. Monterey has the largest and most modern plant, where even heavy Bessemer steel rails are made.

The Mexicans as a people are artistic in temperament and intellectual when given a chance. In an imitative way they are clever at all sorts of handicrafts. They have less mechanical ability than Americans, less business invention or initiative, and less general practicality. The representative Mexican physician, I believe, knows as much of the theory of his profession as the American physician, and has done more reading aside from his profession; but for applying his knowledge to cases commend me to the American. I have known of some unfortunate experiences with Mexican doctors, and particularly surgeons, for whom as men of culture and of intellect I had great respect. The same characteristics appear in the trades. A Mexican carpenter can do nothing for you which requires ingenuity; but if he makes you

a plain chest he will insist on making it better than the American carpenter would think worth while.

Mexicans on their part are as likely to think us better than we are as to think us worse. A native preacher of really admirable attainments after spending a winter in New York gave an account of his impressions. It was extremely interesting but also amusing to some American hearers because of the way in which he lauded us for merits that we do not possess. The extreme courtesy of everybody in New York was one subject of comment with him. New York policemen, he observed, are not armed, except with a stick, and have no need to be.

That there are some speakers and writers who regard Americans as mere exploiters of their country cannot be denied, and while unbalanced, their view has an element of truth. Americans own some of the henequin plantations of Yucatan, control mines where labor is as much oppressed and safety of life as little regarded as ever under Spanish management, and hold large areas of unimproved land which an iniquitous system long made exempt from taxation. American policy of

finance compelled a constant apology or defense of the Diaz administration when it was indefensible, and so made us enemies of progress among our southern neighbors. It is declared, let us hope falsely, that the counter-revolution and attempt to overturn Madero's progressive government was partly financed from Wall Street.

There are, of course, no end of customs and objects in Mexico which do not lend themselves to any comparison at all but which one remembers and would like to describe. One is the celebration of Christmas. The *puestos* or special Christmas markets are interesting, but I have reference more to the *Posada,* which translated means "the inn." A shrine is set up, and the manger, the divine babe, Mary, and Joseph are represented as well as other figures or incidents pertaining to the life of Christ. Some of the company remain inside while others forming a procession outside sing or chant their supplication for admittance. This is denied, also in song, nine times, symbolizing the failure of Mary and Joseph to find lodging, but on the tenth time it is granted, after which the remainder of the solemnity is held before the shrine. A

less serious part of the ceremony comes with the giving of gifts, which are likely to be figures in the forms of dancers, clowns, or animals, filled with candy or other dainties. Larger figures of earthenware are hung from the ceiling, and blindfolded members of the party hit at them with sticks, the aim being to make sudden distribution of the contents.

Another curious custom belongs to the Easter season. On Saturday of the *semana santa* (Easter week), at an appointed hour, Judas the betrayer is burned with great demonstration. I saw him suffer, representatively, in front of several *pulque* shops on the day which I recall. Announcement beforehand will have gathered a considerable crowd at each place. From the roof or upper window of the shop, a rope is made fast to some opposite building. In proper time the man who is to manage the affair shows himself and slackens the rope so that it is within reach from the ground. Then Judas is borne out and greeted by shouts and the waving of many small paper banners which have been distributed by some merchant, perhaps the keeper of the shop, and which bears an advertisement of his wares.

Judas makes plain at once that some humor is admitted to the occasion. He is sure to have grotesque features, usually with a large and well-colored nose, like those of our comic valentines. Not infrequently he has a high hat and always a coat that is "to laugh at." He may have been given an old basket, or a great empty gourd, or some cast-off garment to sling across his arm to make him more ludicrous. If his ordeal is to be before a shoe shop instead of a "drinkery," then he will probably have a pair of shoes or a hat which will be coveted by the people below. So far as I have observed, Judas always keeps a cheerful air through the whole ceremony, until the fatal end, when of course he can no longer preserve any air at all.

Hurriedly taken to the middle of the street, the curious figure is hung upon a rope, a fuse in the region of his coat-tail is lighted, and the rope drawn tight again. Judas begins to revolve merrily, much to the enjoyment of the crowd. Then some explosive in his inward parts takes action, and all that is external, being of paper, is either blown to tatters or quickly consumed.

Once again the rope is lowered and scores

of loud-hooting boys charge at the flimsy skeleton of Judas, which still remains dangling. Perhaps, for mischief, it is jerked out of reach again once or twice. But it is soon caught, and every boy of the howling company makes wild efforts to get at least some splinter as a trophy. Doubly triumphant is he who clutches the one thing of value that poor Judas possessed, whether that may have been shoes, hat, or some other piece of apparel. In an instant all is over, and the crowd begins to disperse, every one with a satisfied look.

This performance was doubtless attended, generations ago, with religious fanaticism. Now there is nothing of the sort, though it is participated in by only the most ignorant of the people. There seems to be no more thought of symbolism than in our eating of Easter eggs, and no more sentiment than in most of our Fourth of July noise. It only shows that the half-clothed and half-civilized native *peones* and their families have as much barbaric love of demonstration as many of us. For a stranger, however, it is full of curious interest and suggestion.

XXI

LAST WORDS

NO, it is not true that the Rio Grande makes a barrier four centuries wide. We have a quite immediate reason for being interested in a people who are so destined to affect us and to be affected by us. They recognize the future and are preparing for it; not only is English taught in all their schools, as we have seen, but hundreds of their young people are studying in various institutions in the United States. It behooves us to know what kind of people they are. "They are all gentlemen of the deadly knife or the too ready pistol," says one. "The Mexican of position is an adroit and plausible rascal. The poor Mexican is a petty thief. They are polite, but their politeness means nothing. A Northerner can never understand them; and they do not wish him to."

Now it is true that the carrying of arms is

more common in Mexico than among us, though less common just before the recent outbreak than a few years earlier. That is not a race characteristic, but belongs to a state of society, as it did in the pioneer days of our own West. I doubt whether we, less accustomed to have weapons at fingers' ends, should be more restrained in the use of them if they became fashionable ornaments among us.

It is true that not all Mexicans of brains are honest; but when the system under which business and government have been done is taken into account, the standards of honesty that prevail are commendable. It is true that parasites have occupied very many of the public offices; but Mexico is not alone in that reproach. A son of a governor in one state drew a salary as instructor at an institute where he seldom or never appeared; and meanwhile an underling was paid a miserable pittance to do the work. Some Americans in the town characterized this arrangement in a way that doubtless it deserved; but they did not compare it with our system of appointing first and second class post-masters to a sinecure and paying an assistant rather meanly to conduct the office. The governor's son was only taking advantage of an analogous cor-

rupt system against which it is true he ought to have set himself resolutely as a good citizen. About the same time, in the same town, another young Mexican of the same social set was dissolving a highly lucrative partnership and going out to make a place for himself in a new community because he said he wished to be an honest man. The ingenious conclusion is that Mexicans are both honest and dishonest. There are petty thieves among the poor and the unfortunate. As everywhere, their number depends a good deal on the extent and degree of misery that prevails, and on the measures taken to discourage their activity. As for veracity, it has its different codes and interpretations. A young man who was studying English in a private class said to the teacher: "The hours of my work have changed so that I can no longer attend." Two days later he made a special errand to say: "I have lied to you. My friends tell me that you Americans are very literal, and that with you, if I mean to be truthful, I must tell the exact truth. Now the fact is that I have lost my employment and cannot afford to pay for more lessons at present. I hope to come back within a few days or weeks." The Mexican is not literal. But considerable acquaintance with

him does not make me think him especially given to deceiving others to their hurt.

That he is polite cannot be denied. If you meet a stranger or a procession of them on any highway not a city street, there will be none so lowly or so haughty that he will not look to exchange greetings with you. A baggage man will not bellow "One side!" but will call instead, "With your permission, Senor!" If you have business dealings with a Mexican, he may not always have your interest foremost in his mind; but to treat you with a manner lacking in consideration would be to violate his own breeding. There are a great many humorous and entirely true stories of the courteous airs with which gentlemen of the cross-roads used to divest travelers of their belongings. One relates that a bandit asked an American if he would graciously condescend to favor him with "a light." The American answered that it would be his greatest pleasure. Before his action was comprehended, he had thrust the cool end of his cigarette into the barrel of the small revolver that he was carrying ready in hand, and thrust the other end up to the mouth of the suppliant Latin. The only part of this story that is not characteristic is the slowness of the bandit. But if the Mexican is

polite it ought not to be imputed to him for evil, as he inherited it from both his Spanish and his Aztec ancestors, and it works no inconvenience to any one except in the fact that politeness is looked for in return. The American railroad man has largely eliminated himself from the republic not because he was inefficient but because he carried an air of contempt which, while it did not always reflect his actual feelings, did always offend the sensitive native. I have had grateful evidence that the politeness referred to is not always hollow. And I recall what an elderly Englishman told me of his experience. He had made a fortune and had lost it all again. "And who do you suppose came and offered me help to get back on my feet?" he said. "Not any of the Englishmen that I had known from boyhood and some of whom could have done it easily, but two of the Mexicans whose high compliments I had never thought meant anything more than an extravagant habit. I tell you, they showed themselves men and friends, and I have never forgotten it." The politeness of the poor has at least so much substance that you will constantly see them share their scant meals of *tortillas* and beans and do other acts of kindness toward the beggars by the roadside. They

have no organized charities to take care of worthy cases and it is to be feared many unworthy cases share in the bounty.

The writer in the *Outlook* mentioned above quotes the owner of a one-hundred-thousand-acre ranch in New Mexico as saying: "I have bought tens of thousands of sheep from Mexican shepherds without a written contract and never had one fail to do as he agreed, which is more than I can say for American stockowners." He quotes Judge John R. McFie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico, thus: "Nowhere have I found better jurors or men with a higher sense of justice than the Mexicans. I have tried murder cases where the defendants were Mexicans and every member of the jury was of that nationality, yet have always found the verdict fairly given and conviction has followed regularly if the testimony warranted. They are good citizens, are fair-minded, and adhere to the Court's instructions more closely than any other jurors I have found. Probably there are more defendants of this race than of Americans, proportionately to the population, but their offenses are mostly of a minor sort."

Remember that this relates chiefly to poor Mexicans of the laboring class, though

as once indicated above there are also many cultured and intelligent Mexicans who have preferred never to leave the United States. Is it not gratuitous to assume that such people in their own country would be incapable of democratic self-government, once given a little practical training and a chance? Yet this was the assumption of the American press in general during the revolution of 1910-11. Not until its close, indeed, did the American press admit that any such movement was under way. The *Public*, in its issue of June 9, 1911, said: "In less than a year after all the great newspapers were assured that there was no revolution in Mexico—assured into silence—they are obliged to report the complete overthrow of Diaz by a revolution that was in full vigor while they ignored it. Was this poor journalism, or what?"

The revolution ran its course, constitutional government was set going for the first time in a generation, and the reactionary efforts that every one foresaw were soon begun with more than the expected energy and violence. Since then, no one has felt altogether sure of the course that affairs will take. The Mexico that at present exists, politically, is unfamiliar to me. A few months before, I had scarcely heard of the

men who came into prominence with the Madero movement; it was hard for any Mexican to be generally heard of who did not belong to Diaz's group. In March, 1911, when I visited the city of Oaxaca, a local engineer was in prison for disseminating treasonable ideas, as the government regarded them. His friends told me that he would doubtless be stood against a wall to face a firing squad. Three months later I received word that our engineer was now *jefe politico* of a near-by town and that the district superintendent of the native Methodists was his *apoderado* (deputy). Only those somewhat familiar with the opposition to Protestant work in Oaxaca during the past can appreciate the latter fact; nor can those who never chanced to talk with his anxious friends and relatives find the ups and downs of the engineer so exciting as they were to me; yet some notion will be gathered of how complete an overturning had taken place in a short time.

During the fall of 1910 Francisco Madero himself was in prison. On the 7th of June, 1911, he was given such an ovation at the capital as probably no other Mexican ever received. And there at the heart of the Republic where he was best able to make himself understood, the people never ceased to

believe in him. National agencies for publicity, however, were at no time so highly developed in Mexico as agencies for the suppression of knowledge long were; and even if the best means for the purpose had been ready at hand it is doubtful whether Madero would have had the art to use them. It is a great deal to find an advanced idealist and an administrator united in one man; and that he should also be both a politician and a military genius would perhaps be too much to expect. Madero did not take effective steps to keep the people informed of what the government was doing. So it became possible for those who object to the imposition of taxes on the great landed estates, those who are hostile to any and all progressive measures whatsoever, and those who merely resented being dislodged from their places under the despotism, to stir up the ignorant, the disinherited, and the unhappy against him. The real cause of hatred toward him being that he was a thoroughgoing progressive, they made the hypocritical complaint that he was doing nothing for progress or in the interest of the poor. It is true that those who had unintelligently looked for immediate and direct confiscation of ill-gotten lands were of course disappointed. They lent themselves

to the movement against Madero, ended in his overthrow and assassination early in 1913, by the reactionary traitor General Victoriano Huerta, whose infamous government the United States refused to recognize even in the *de facto* sense. They have continued to embarass the now existing government of President Carranza. Under the fierce and fanatical though doubtless sincere leadership of Emiliano Zapata, lately apprehended and killed through the defection of some of his own men, they have overrun whole states in the South and even briefly held possession of the capital. Under the less worthy though vigorous and sagacious leadership of Francisco Villa they have harassed the North, provoked the United States beyond endurance by border raids, and otherwise delayed the return of prosperity and peace. To their groups, however deserving of sympathy the rank and file may be, all the worst elements of lawlessness and brutality naturally hang on. They are the menace of national security in Mexico today; and they are the product of old wrongs.

As for the active military leaders who personally took the field for the counter-revolution, they should hardly be classed with any group of interests or prejudices. Desperados and bold adventurers who will

fight for hire are no national phenomenon; and their theory is very simple.

The judgment of Americans as touching government in Mexico has been too much affected by the belief that this, that, or the other element is favorable or unfavorable to the United States. It may be well to remind ourselves that the legitimate choice of any leader in Mexico has only secondary reference to us and that such choice has reference mostly to the well being of Mexico. A president or governor who ardently desires to serve the Mexican republic, whose scheme gives due regard to fundamental justice, and who has the force to carry out his scheme, is a good Mexican president or governor, whatever he may think of us, his neighbors on the North. That Venustiano Carranza, like his former young leader, Madero, is a man of the most genuine patriotism and of very high ideals no discerning and impartial critic can well doubt. His attitude toward the United States has been uncertain at times, but clearly it was dictated at all times by a determination to protect the just rights of his own people, and he has always declared himself personally friendly to the legitimate projects of Americans in Mexico. However that may be, it is by his aims and

competence as a servant of Mexican democracy that he must be judged.

As for Madero, that he was no master of military strategy his friends and enemies alike have agreed. He was a civilian in ideals and in natural temper. His leadership was a moral leadership and signified national faith in the possibility of a genuine civil government for the nation. If he erred it was in trusting overmuch to civil measures and dallying with men like Zapata when nobody but himself thought he could quiet the brigand by anything but the iron hand. The recompense of armed outlawry should be swift and terrible; and to make it so need involve no suspicion of despotic purpose. The necessity, if government is to endure, is almost axiomatic.

Carranza is of Madero's school of thinking, but sterner and less sentimental.

Whether the friends of democratic constitutional government shall remain uppermost will depend largely on the courage, resourcefulness, and unwavering patriotism of a few individuals. This is always true at a crisis; for those who are given the greatest power to serve have also the power to betray. Washington and his immediate lieutenants might have been able to set up an American tyranny, if they had so willed.

Fortunately, though soldiers and generals gallantly participated, Mexico owes its deliverance from the old bondage not to any general mainly, but to a popular uprising and to Francisco Madero. Bernardo Reyes, the only general of whom anything was expected, proved an enemy of the people's cause. Men like Orozco and Villa have exhibited their character so plainly as almost to remove the peril that any mere fighter may be blindly chosen as a popular idol. They have no appeal to make but a shameless appeal to force; and Mexico is genuinely tired of that.

That turbulence has arisen as it has proves little against the Mexican people. A larger army was required to put down the Whiskey Rebellion in the United States than had been in the field against the British at any time during our war for independence; yet the Whisky Rebellion was put down. We had not only our Arnold during the Revolution but our Burr after it was over; yet the Republic survived and the guardians of order and safety kept their seats. All sincere and intelligent democrats will hope that Carranza in Mexico may keep his, till he can vacate it for an honorable successor elected by the people, and that so the principles of Juarez may become established.

If the Republic fails it will be because some supremely powerful man has risen and has become a traitor to the people; and if no such man succeeds in rearing himself till Carranza's successor is elected, the cause will be reasonably safe. Whatever the outcome, be assured that there is a general and sincere longing among the people for the guarantees of liberty, a genuine respect for law, and a full consciousness of the necessity for order and individual submission to the sovereign will. Sometime, too, if not at present, these things will be achieved. The Indian patience waits long but does not forget its object. Perhaps something of the old high dauntlessness of the Spaniard ought also to be separately recognized in the Mexican spirit. Or perhaps we should recognize in it simply humanity aware of itself. For it Mexican men by the thousands have willingly languished in prisons. Mexican women have offered their bodies as food for starving soldiers. For over a century it has persisted, often obscured, sometimes betrayed into error, but never quenched; and in the end it will not be denied.

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STATUE OF CUAUHTEMOC.

BENITO JUAREZ.

"THE TORTURE OF CUAUHTEMOC," NATIONAL MUSEUM.

DETAIL FROM CUAUHTEMOC MONUMENT. (SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

TARAHUMARE CARRIERS.

AMATECA GIRL.

A MEXICAN KITCHEN.

VERA CRUZ, LOOKING OUT TO THE HARBOR.

TYPES OF NATIVE WOMEN.

CATHEDRAL AT OAXACA

U N I T E D
Nogales
El Paso
Juarez
LOWER CALIFORNIA
SONORA
CHIHUAHUA
Guaymas
Chihuahua
Ciudad Porfirio Dia
COAHUILA
SINALOA
Torreon
Saltillo
DURANGO
Durango
ZACATECAS
Mazatlan
Zacatecas
TEPIC
AGUAS CALIENTES
San Blas
Tepic
Guadalajara
JALISCO
Manzanillo
COLIMA
MICHOAC
PACIFIC OCEAN
MEXICO-
OUTLINE

S T A T E S
New Orleans
Galveston
agle Pass
Laredo
GULF OF
MEXICO
EVO
Monterey
LEON
TAMAULIPAS
ROSI
San Luis Potósi
AJUATO
QUERETARO
HIDALGO
Pachuca
Tampico
VERA
CRUZ
TLAXCALA
Puebla
Cuernavaca
MORELOS
PUEBLA
MEXICO
Mexico
Vera Cruz
Puerto Mexico
(Coatzacoalcos)
TABASCO
Progreso
Merida
YUCATAN
Campeche
CAMPECHE
QUINTANA ROO
BELIZE
OAXACA
Oaxaca
Tehuantepeco
Salina Cruz
CHIAPAS
GUATEMALA
HONDURAS
RRERO
pulco

INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF SANTO DURANGO.

STREET IN MITLA—HOTEL AT LEFT.

ON THE ROAD TO MITLA.

ZAPOTEC CHILDREN IN RUINS OF MITLA.

HALL OF MONOLITHIC COLUMNS, MITLA.

RUINS OF MITLA.

TURKEYS GOING TO MARKET.

MARKET, MEXICO CITY.

CALENDARIO AZTECA O PIEDRA DEL SOL
EN EL MES DE DICIEMBRE DEL AÑO DE 1790
AL PRACTICARSE LA NIVELACION PARA EL NUEVO
EMPEDRADO DE LA PLAZA MAYOR DE ESTA CAPITAL
FUE DESCUBIERTO ESTE MONOLITO Y COLOCADO
DESPUES AL PIE DE LA TORRE OCCIDENTAL DE LA
CATEDRAL POR EL LADO QUE VE AL PONIENTE
DE CUYO LUGAR SE TRASLADO A ESTE MUSEO
NACIONAL EN AGOSTO DE 1885

STONE CALENDAR OF THE AZTECS.

POST OFFICE, MEXICO CITY.

INDIAN WOMEN.

THE ZOCALO, OAXACA.

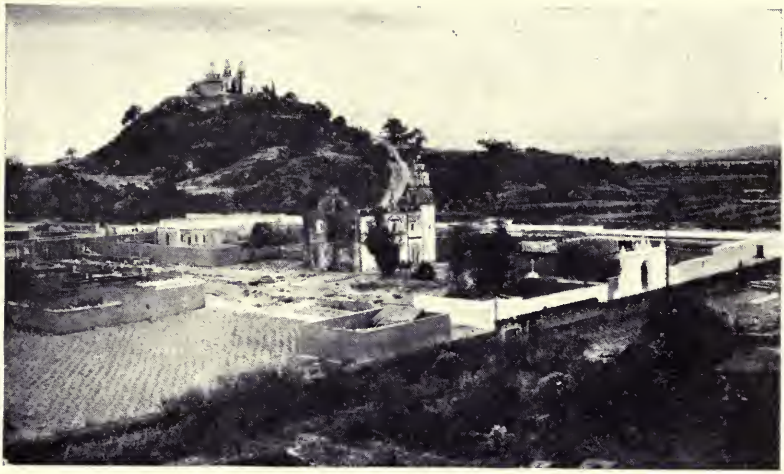
CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

PORFIRIO DIAZ.

THE VIGA.

PUEBLA.

CATHEDRAL AT PUEBLA.



PYRAMID AT CHOLULA, WITH CHURCH ON SUMMIT.

PYRAMID AT CHOLULA FROM FARTHER SIDE.

POPOCATEPETL.

IXTACCIHUATL.

POPOCATEPETL — ASCENT.

POPOCATEPETL — DESCENT.

GUADALAJARA.

THE ROAD TO REAL DEL MONTE.

A MAGUEY PLANT.

REAL DEL MONTE — ENGLISH CEMETERY ON LOWER HILL AT LEFT.

LAKE CHAPALA.

CHIHUAHUA.

APPROACH TO A MINE, GUANAJUATO.

TORREON.

MONTEREY.

VENUSTIANO CARRANZA

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